

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS.

BY S. M. H.

"I MUST say, Alice, I cannot see how you find so much time for reading," said Mrs. Crawford, as her cousin, Mrs. Gray, entered her sitting-room with a book from the circulating library. "You have about the same work to do that I have, yet so far as I can see, you neglect nothing and still find time to read and improve."

"Well, cousin, I do not see how it is," answered Mrs. Gray pleasantly. "You do not seem to be idle; I always find you busy whenever I call."

"I am always busy; that is, my work is never done. I am behind in everything. I have been owing calls for six months, and as for reading, I can never have an hour for that. I cannot tell when I have taken up a book with the intention of reading it through or enjoying it."

"I find time for very little compared to what I should like to," said Mrs. Gray. "For I cannot afford but one servant, and must keep the greater part of my sewing at home. Still I manage to keep up and read at least a book every month."

"Besides the newspapers?" cried Mrs. Crawford in astonishment.

"Besides the newspapers. I must keep myself posted in the news above all other things. I want to know the very day I become a citizen," said Mrs. Gray. "But I must hurry home," she continued. "I do wish, Mary, that you would find time to read this," showing her the book. "I hear it praised very highly."

"Oh! I know I cannot, so it is of no use to speak of it."

"Well, I do not see how it is," soliloquized Mrs. Gray as she walked homeward. "Mary used to be a famous reader in our girlhood days. I am afraid she has not the faculty of econo-

mizing time. I wish I could see into the working of her household machinery."

It was not a very long time after this that Mrs. Gray had her desire gratified. It so happened that both the ladies' husbands were called away from home on business at the same time. As they were to be gone a few weeks, Mrs. Crawford invited her cousin to spend the time at her house, which invitation was accepted, and Mrs. Gray was domiciled under her cousin's roof.

"Now," thought she, "I am going to watch Cousin Mary and see what becomes of her time."

The next morning after her arrival, she was quite surprised upon entering the dining-room to find no one there, although she had lain later than usual herself. "Where is your mistress?" she inquired of the servant, who was busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast.

"She's not up yet, plaze," was the answer.

Mrs. Gray said nothing, but upon looking at her watch found it was nearly eight o'clock. She crossed the hall and stepped into the parlor. A neat little room it was when kept so; but now it looked pretty much as any parlor will look after an evening's occupation by the family, perhaps a little more topsy-turvy. The centre-table was littered up with newspapers, books, crochet work, the sewing basket, and even Mrs. Crawford's best back hair formed a part of the miscellaneous pile. There was a fire in the grate which had been made by the servant, but the hearth was strewn with ashes and cinders. On the sofa were Mrs. Crawford's furs and cloak which she had worn the previous day, and had tossed them there instead of carrying them up-stairs. It did not take Mrs. Gray very long to see all this; she just smiled to herself, as she began the almost hopeless task of restoring the table to something like

order. She folded up the papers, placed the books in order, put the sewing into the tiny work-basket, and had just swept the hearth when the breakfast-bell rang.

"You are an early riser, I presume," said Mrs. Crawford as Mrs. Gray entered the dining-room.

"Yes, rather, compared with you. Is this your usual time for breakfast?"

"I can hardly say that we have any usual time for breakfast," laughed Mrs. Crawford. "I generally have breakfast by this time," looking at the clock—it was almost nine. "When Frank is at home he usually breakfasts at half past seven, but I seldom do. I enjoy a morning's nap so much."

The two ladies sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Crawford's appetite was poor; she never did "relish her breakfast," she said.

"I do," said her cousin, "and my appetite is prodigious this morning, for I am accustomed to rising and eating early."

"Are you?" said Mrs. Crawford languidly. "I do not see the use of getting up so early when one is not obliged to."

"I have a little writing to do this morning," said Mrs. Gray, as they arose from the breakfast-table. "So I must ask to be excused from the parlor this morning."

"Oh! certainly, but be sure you are through by dinner. We dine at one, and I have planned an expedition for this afternoon."

Mrs. Gray started to her room, and Mrs. Crawford, after a stretch or two, and many times saying, "well, I must get to work," went into the parlor. She saw at a glance that some person had already been there, and as that was no part of the servant's work she rightly guessed who it was. It never occurred to her, however, that some person had done this while she was dozing the morning hours away. A bit of ribbon lying on the table attracted her attention; she picked it up and began fashioning it into a bow. At least twenty minutes were spent in the attempt before it suited her fancy; then tossing it into the work-basket she picked up her furs and started up-stairs to her bedroom. Here the first thing which attracted her attention was her bonnet. Somehow it looked stale, she thought, and taking it up began to wonder if she could not manage to give it a new appearance.

An hour afterward Mrs. Gray entered her cousin's room, and found her sitting on the bed surrounded by flowers, old ribbons, and her bonnet in her hand.

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "You

are not contemplating the millinery business, are you?"

"Yes, at least part of it. I was just looking amongst these to see if I had not something to put on my bonnet in place of this japonica; I am tired of it. How do you think this would look?" holding up a beautiful cluster of moss roses.

"I do not think it would improve it at all. I think that japonica exquisite."

"I think so, too; but I have worn it some time and am tired of it."

"Then I would buy something new. To my eye nothing here is half so beautiful."

Mrs. Crawford held up the bonnet and looked at it from all points, unable to decide what to do with it.

"Is that eleven o'clock?" she asked in a startled tone, as she heard the tiny clock chime out the hour. "It is, as sure as I live. I must hurry to tell Ann what to have for dinner." She fairly flew to the kitchen.

"Shure, ma'am, it's meself as can't be gettin' soup made at this time for dinner to-day."

"What can we get, Ann? Do help me think."

"There's the turkey left from yesterday—I could be after fixin' that up for yeas."

"That will have to do—and get some of the canned vegetables and fruit, and fix it up nice. I had no idea it was so late," she added to herself, as she left the kitchen. "Time flies so fast and I do not get a thing done." Mrs. Crawford had told herself that every day for years. On her way back to the chamber she had left in such haste, she remembered there was something in the parlor that she wanted. She stepped in. The piano was open, and a new piece of music, which Mrs. Gray had brought, lay before it. She just went up to look at it. The temptation was too great; she could not resist the desire to play it through just once. Mrs. Gray, in the room above, heard the music and looked at her watch, mentally resolved to look at it again when the music should cease. She had just thirty minutes to wait.

When Mrs. Crawford re-entered the chamber, Mrs. Gray saw that the bonnet, which, with all the etceteras had been left on the bed, was likely to be taken up again, quietly said—"Mary, I would have cleaned up your room for you, only I did not know what to do with all these—"

pointing to the bed and its litter.

"No, cousin. If you had I should have been ashamed of myself. I will soon clear this up, and I must hurry, too. Bless me! here's the

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half of the day gone and I have not done anything. Do you get your work done up before noon always?"

"Always when I am able to do it at all," was the answer.

"Well, I cannot see how you do it," sighed Mrs. Crawford. Mrs. Gray said nothing, but she thought she could tell her if she chose.

Like all idle persons, when once started, Mrs. Crawford could work with a will, and at it she went with an alacrity that quite astonished Mrs. Gray, who was glad to beat a retreat. She shook up the bed, hurried on with the sheets and blankets, and went at the sweeping with a vengeance. She was vainly trying to catch up with time. She had often heard that "an hour in the morning is worth two through the day," but had never verified the truth of the proverb in her own practice.

Neither lady saw the other until the bell rang for dinner. Mrs. Gray was first in the dining-room, but in a few moments Mrs. Crawford came in. Her hair was dressed, but she still clung to her morning wrapper.

"I declare, I have not had time to dress for dinner," she said, half apologetically.

"I guess we shall enjoy it quite as well," answered her cousin.

"If your appetite is as good as mine I am sure we shall," returned the other.

"What is your programme for this afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Gray.

"I never have any programme," answered Mrs. Crawford, "but I had intended a stroll for this afternoon."

"Do you never lay out your work?" inquired Mrs. Gray cautiously.

"Not very often. I have tried that plan several times. It may work for a day or so, but I invariably fall behind my calculations. Something always interferes, and I have sometimes doubted if there is ever anything gained by it. Do you think there is?"

"Most certainly I do," answered her cousin, "but if we are going out this afternoon we must not sit here longer," and both ladies left the dining-room to prepare for a walk, from which they did not return until dark.

As no visitors came in, they spent the evening quietly talking of girlhood days. Thus ended the first day of Mrs. Gray's visit to her cousin.

With the next morning came the same late breakfast, and the whole day passed in the same manner as the other had; Mrs. Crawford always finding something to do which might have been left undone, and leaving undone the

things which required her immediate attention. And thus a week slipped by, and during that time Mrs. Crawford had repeatedly declared she never had a moment's time for reading or improvement.

"You see just how it goes all the time, Alice," she said, as her cousin had urged her to read a new work by a popular author; "I should like to know how I am to find the time. If you can tell me some way to economize that article, I shall be forever obliged to you."

"I think, Mary, that I have discovered the secret source of your peculiar trouble," answered Mrs. Gray, "you do not gather up the fragments."

"Fragments of what?"

"Of time."

"I do not think I understand you," said Mrs. Crawford, looking a little nettled, as she met the calm gaze of the other.

"I mean that you constantly allow trifles to steal away your time. If you will allow me, I will just give you the result of my observations since I have been here."

"Then you have been taking notes," said the lady, good humoredly.

I confess I have, but not to satisfy any curiosity on my part, but for your own benefit," said Mrs. Gray.

"Well, let me hear them. I promise you my undivided attention," and Mrs. Crawford leaned back in her chair, assuming a comical expression of injured innocence.

"And your good humor, too?"

"Yes, if I have any."

"You will not interrupt me?"

"No. Begin at once."

"In the first place, you have lost in four mornings just six hours by lying a-bed until past eight o'clock."

Mrs. Crawford threw up both hands, drew a long breath, and exclaimed—"Then you want me to get up before day!"

"No, I do not. But remember, you are not to interrupt me. One morning you lost just twenty minutes making a ribbon bow, which you threw into your work-basket, where it has lain ever since. Next you thought to fix a bonnet which needed no repairing. You spent just forty minutes at that. Another morning you spent just thirty minutes looking out of your chamber window at nothing, as I could see. Let us sum this up and see what it amounts to. One hour and a half in bed, twenty minutes making a useless bow, forty minutes looking at your bonnet—for that is all it amounted to; that makes two hours and a

half; and thirty minutes looking out of the window makes just three hours. Just think of the pages you could read in that time!"

"Pretty good for one day," said Mrs. Crawford, a little nettled. "But does every day show a like record?"

"Very much the same as regards the waste of time. But you promised to retain your good humor."

"Go on. I will try to keep cool."

"I have not much more to say. I think these facts will convince you that much of your time might be gathered up and made of some more value to you," said Mrs. Gray.

"But you would not have me never to take up any music, never indulge in making those trifles my fancy may desire; always keep at work, would you?"

"By no means," answered the other.

"But what you lack is order—system. You take up something and half finish it, perhaps; then leave it for something else, and so go from one half-finished work to another, and the consequence is, nothing is ever completed at the time it should be. The way that you practice your music does you no good. Instead of having a stated time for it, you see something perhaps when you are dusting the parlor that you would like to practice. You sit down, run through it once or twice maybe, then suddenly think of something you should have done an hour before, and off you go. Your time is lost, for such practice does you no good."

There was a silence of some moments, then Mrs. Crawford said—"I believe you are right, cousin. I was a little inclined at first to rebel against your lecture, but it is all too true. We can economize in time as well as in anything else. But I must say that I always did detest the arrangement that makes everything be done at the precise time and exactly the same way every day, let come what will. I have a neighbor of this sort, and even the clothes on the line on washing-day hang in the same place every week. I wonder sometimes if they do not know their places and jump right into them."

"I do not know as there is anything gained by such precision as that," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, "but I am not speaking so much of the manner of doing things as of the time to do it."

"Well, cousin," said Mrs. Crawford, after a long pause, "I will try to practice your preaching. I will make an effort to gather up these fragments of time. Let me see, I must be up by seven in the morning in order to have breakfast at half past."

The next morning Mrs. Crawford was called at seven o'clock.

"Remember your promise," said Mrs. Gray, as she knocked at the door.

But it was so hard to get up so early. That morning's nap seemed the sweetest of all sleep to her, but she resolutely determined to break off the habit, so she arose forthwith.

"I am on trial to-day, you know," she said to her cousin. "You must act as prompter. I dare say I shall need one, I find it so hard to get off the old road."

"I have no doubt you do," responded Mrs. Gray, "but you will find the by-paths so new and fresh that you will wonder you never entered them before."

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.—It is better for you, says Thackeray, to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious to their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-soupy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and liking the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

MAN must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing.

A DAISY'S MISSION.

BY CHARLES BRUCE.

"NOW, this is what I call pleasant and comfortable," said a daisy, one early summer morning, as the wind carried a leaf down from an elm tree, and covered, without touching it. "This is what I call delightful: I have quenched my thirst by drinking all the dew which fell on me during the night, and am quite refreshed, and now that this friendly leaf has been kind enough to shield me from the burning sun, I have a cool and shady bower where I can sit and think all day long, watch my neighbors, and, when so disposed, converse with them. The sun is very cheerful the first thing in the morning, when its warm beams kiss me slantwise, but at mid-day, when it pours down all its fire on my unprotected head, I find it too much, more indeed than a wee, tiny flower like myself can endure; but, thanks to this good leaf, I am safe for the day."

Having thus given expression to her feelings, the daisy settled herself to her own satisfaction on her couch of green grass, and looked forward to a day of quiet contemplation, varied, if so inclined, by social intercourse.

This was a modest, sensitive daisy; when the sun saluted her on first rising, she blushed a beautiful bright crimson, which appeared so becoming that mother Nature determined it should always remain.

But, alas! for the daisy's day of anticipated enjoyment; she reckoned without once thinking of two very wise sayings flowers whisper among themselves: first, "That we do not grow solely for our own pleasure," and second, "Be not sure of repose, a little hand may pluck you, a rude foot may crush you, and a big mouth eat you."

On the other side of the hedge, outside of the meadow where the daisy bloomed, stood a farm-house, the owner of which, and his family, were so uncultivated as to rise with the sun, and go to bed with the same; they were not sufficiently refined to turn the night into day, and the day into night, like unto the dwellers in great cities; they were so vulgar as to think the day was meant for work and the night for sleep. They were evidently behind the age.

On this particular morning, the farmer having set his men to work, seen the cows milked, and the horses and pigs fed, walked across the field to see how his crops were progressing,

thinking they would be all the better for a little rain, and not quite so much sun—for, as a rule, farmers are never satisfied with the weather, it is either too dry or too wet, too much sun or not enough, never quite the thing—having done all this, the farmer thought he had earned his breakfast, or if he did not think so, he went home to get it, which amounts to the same thing. As he seated himself at the table, and cut a thick slice of fat boiled bacon and a delicious piece of home-made bread, he said to his wife—"Well, dame, this be a fine day, what say you to a drive to see brother Jem at the jail? He promised to take us over if we choose to go, and I have a fancy to see what the inside of a prison is like, something different to a meadow I take it: art agreeable?"

"Yes, John," replied the wife, "I'm willing, and we'll take our Annie; she seems a bit low, and the ride will do her good."

"Then, wife," said the honest farmer, "do you pack up a basket of victuals; and you may as well pick a few flowers, they'll look cheerful like inside such a place."

Now, the farmer's youngest daughter, Annie, hearing she was to ride with her father and mother, to visit her uncle and the poor men shut up in prison, thought she would gather some flowers likewise; so scrambling down from her high chair, she toddled out of the room into the garden, and creeping through a hole in the hedge, she made her way into the meadow close to where the daisy was seated under her leaf awning; who, at the moment Annie made her appearance, was indulging in a wise chat with her next-door neighbor, who had overheard her soliloquy regarding the manner in which she intended spending the day.

"You know, friend," said this neighbor, "we are not sent into this world to make ourselves comfortable, but to be of some use."

"I can't say I exactly see the force of your observation," replied the first daisy; "will you oblige by making it a little clearer, and explain how I am to make myself useful, when I find it impossible to move myself from this place?"

"We are all intended for some wise purpose," replied the second daisy sententiously; "and will that wise purpose be fulfilled in you, if you are dissatisfied with your lot, and not with yourself? I overheard you murmur at being

exposed to the fierce rays of the sun; doubtless, it is a fiery trial we have to endure, but fiery trials bring out hidden virtues, and those burning beams of which you complain help to make us as beautiful as we are; you will lose all your loveliness if you remain under your bower."

"But I see no use why I should wish for beauty," said the first daisy.

"Apart from the pleasure the fact of your being beautiful would convey to yourself, you have to consider how it will please others, what delight it will impart to those creatures, so superior to ourselves, called men; I have even heard that our quiet unobtrusive beauty has been sung by poets, who have written poems and songs in our praise. I heard one once beginning with—

"Wee modest crimson-tipped flower."

"Yes, that's all very well," replied the first daisy, "but I see no use in living as you say I should, if at least I am to be eaten by a cow or a sheep."

"Provided we live well, and think, and act rightly," said the second daisy, "it does not much matter what death we die; it is not so much how we die, as how we live; but who knows, your lot may be more fortunate than to go to help make food for man; your mission may be higher."

Just as the wise daisy uttered these last words, the farmer's little daughter stooped down and plucked them both, adding them to a whole heap she held in her hand, mingled with buttercups. Children prefer these simple wild flowers to the rarest of those that grow in gardens and conservatories.

The farmer and his wife were soon seated in their light cart, the one holding the reins and whip, while the other carried a huge nosegay and a basket, from which peeped the neck of a stone bottle. Little Annie was packed in behind, her fat dimpled hand still tightly clasping her buttercups and daisies.

"Dear me," gasped our friend the first daisy, as she rode along, "dear me, I shall be stifled to death if this continues much longer; I really cannot bear it."

"It is foolish and weak to say you cannot bear what it is your fate to bear; learn the lesson of endurance, my friend," said the second daisy calmly. The other made no reply, and in due time they left the cart, and were transported, in a railway carriage, to a large city, through the streets of which they went wondering whether the people they met ever saw a wild-flower before.

"Sad, sad," murmured the second daisy, "no country ever comes here, what wretchedness! How impure the air!"

Presently they arrived at the iron gates of the grim stone prison, and trembled with fear as they saw them open, and heard them clash to behind them.

"Worse than ever," said the first daisy; "who ever can draw breath in such a fearful place?"

The honest farmer and his wife, and Annie, were kindly welcomed by their relative, who was one of the warders of the prison; after a little friendly chat and mutual inquiries concerning friends, the warder took them round the men's portion of the jail; and much the farmer stared, and his wife, and little Annie, as they peeped into the various cells, and saw the prisoners. "I should like," said the farmer, "to give them all a run in my fields, like I do the pigs. How can they bear living here? Why, wife, I should die!"

"Aye, John, so should I; I can't sniff a green field here."

After being shown the dark cells, and the different modes of punishment for refractory prisoners, they were handed over to a female warder, who took them round to examine the women's department.

"This is more sad still, John," said the farmer's wife; "what must their mothers think!—poor dears! they were all like our Annie here," and the good creature wiped a tear from her cheek, while her husband blew his nose loudly, but said not a word, only drew Annie a little closer to him as though he would shield her from all future harm.

"This cell," said their conductress, leading them into one, "is occupied by as pretty a young woman as you could wish to see, but she's a regular bad'un, her heart's as hard as stone; she is that wicked that nothing will ever do her good. The chaplain visits her every day, but she only makes fun of him. See here! this is the fourth Testament he has left for her, but she tears them all up, and swears like as I never heard anybody before, and I've heard a good many I reckon; and yet she is only nineteen years of age. She is undergoing punishment now, but will be here again to-night."

"John," said the farmer's wife, "I must be off; I can't bear any more of this, I'm sure I shall cry; and my heart aches as it never did when our Susan died; come, Annie dear," and taking her little daughter up in her arms, the good woman strode out of the cell, her husband following.

They bade their brother farewell, and left the prison, and hastened home, thinking that if they lived a hundred years they should never wish to see the inside of a jail again.

When the farmer's wife lifted little Annie into her arms, the child dropped one of her daisies, which fell on the stone floor of the cell, and was left behind, the very identical one whose anticipated day of enjoyment had been so speedily brought to a close.

"Dear, dear, how this fall has hurt me. I tremble all over; how hard the floor is, and how cold. I'm sure I shall die, and with no kind friend to hear my last words. What a hard fate is mine! I wonder what my wise neighbor would think if she were in such a plight. If we are made perfect through suffering I'm sure I ought to be perfect, for never surely has any fellow-daisy suffered as I have; yet, I don't think I should mind if it was for some good purpose." Muttering thus, the daisy lie quite still, waiting for the end.

As the day was drawing to a close and the light was growing dim in the silent cell, a young woman was ushered in by the matron of the prison. She wore the coarse plain prison dress, and her hair was cut short, but it must have been very beautiful, for what little there was left shone like bright gold; her eyes were large and very blue, and her face would have been lovely but for its fierce and hardened expression, which told the story of so much sin and crime which had never been repented, and had only assisted in making the heart harder and more averse to good. The good chaplain despaired of ever being able to touch it; all his prayers, his exhortations, and grief, appeared of no avail. "Nothing can do her any good," he muttered, as he last left her cell with her mocking laugh ringing in his ear. But what is man's extremity is God's opportunity.

See her now, how restlessly she paces up and down her narrow place of confinement, more like a wild, untamed creature of the forest than a human being. But what is that which suddenly arrests her footsteps, making her gaze with surprise on one spot of the stone floor? "How came that here?" she murmurs, as stooping down she picked up the daisy which had fallen from little Annie's chubby hand.

Watch how carefully she handles it, and how gently she lays it on the palm of her left hand. How softly she kisses it. What is it that simple flower is whispering in her ear? See! she is kneeling at the side of her rough bed, her face works convulsively, and tears are gushing from her eyes. Oh! mystery of mys-

teries, that a tiny flower, a little daisy, should have the power to find the one crevice in that heart, so hardened by sin and crime, penetrating to the fountain of repentance and tears, and making the guilty creature feel the depth of the degradation to which she has fallen.

As the hot drops fell upon the dying daisy she looked up to the sorrow-stricken face; and did the daisy speak, or was it some other voice that whispered in the forlorn woman's heart? "I bloomed in such a field as you played in when you were a child, and before your soul was stained with sin, when your mother loved you, and you had not broken her heart and hurried her into her grave by your conduct. Ah! how much you have to answer for! Weep on, weep on; tears of repentance soften the heart and help to wash away its dark stains." When the chaplain paid his customary visit he found her still kneeling and weeping. She motioned him to read, and he read the touching and hopeful history of the woman who washed the good Saviour's feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair. He then knelt beside the repentant woman, and poured out his heart in prayer on her behalf, to the good God who is willing to receive all repentant prodigals. As the chaplain left the cell, he murmured, "A little daisy! Truly, 'My thoughts are not as your thoughts, nor your ways as my ways, saith the Lord.'"

MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR OPPORTUNITIES—

You are away on the farm or in the woods or workshops, and exclaim, "It is impossible for me to get an education!" You greatly mistake. The cream of the world's heroes and helpers were more hopelessly situated than are you. The open Virgil and grammar and dictionary fastened to the old-fashioned loom drew out David Livingston, while he drew out the threads. And while he weaved the webs he weaved that character which, to-day, is the envy and admiration of the world, and has well earned an immortal stand in the loftiest niche in the temple of renown. Perhaps had he been a pampered college boy he had not earned his name among those "who were not born to die"—perhaps had never been heard of.

It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.—*Ruskin.*

MURIEL'S ARTFULNESS.

THERE never was anything like it, her sisters said; and we know what cruelly true things sisters can and do say of each other.

It had happened three months ago, but neither Miss Serle, nor Miss Maud, the second eldest, nor Miss Charlotte, the second youngest, nor Miss Helena, the youngest, the pet and beauty of the Serles, had done talking of "Muriel's artfulness." They went over it continually, angrily, scornfully. "Such hypocrisy," "deceit," "slyness"—they exhausted the vocabulary of terms expressive of double-dealing. And yet the poor little girl, who was obliged to array herself in all the outgrown or faded dresses of the family—with her small, pale face, large, mournful, hazel eyes, and timid little rosy mouth, did not seem as if Machiavelli was at all in her way.

"Still waters run deep," Miss Serle declared bitterly. "To think that no one ever dreamed of such a thing!—it was shameful!"

So it was, fair Julia. Shameful for her to have plotted her escape, and achieved it, from the dull bondage in which she had lived; in which so many girls do live, and die.

She was not the eldest of the family, to be respected and thought first of in invitations. She was not Maud, who was a *bas-bleu* of the most cerulean tint, and who had an unenviable notoriety on that account. She was not Charlotte, who had become alarmingly High Church lately, and taken to attending matins, and reading the Rubric, wearing crosses, and working gold-and-colors embroidery for the new rector; she was not Helena, golden-haired, sleepy-eyed, waxen-like, selfish, lazy, and impertinent; she was "only" Muriel, the third eldest, the patient little scape-goat, the untiring messenger for trifling commissions; the one to be snubbed when any one's temper was sour; the one to sit with her back to the horses in a carriage, to put on her sisters' cloaks if there were not eligible cavaliers by; to help them to dress for parties, even if she were late herself; the last to get a new pair of gloves, or a fresh wreath; the one to be made to walk out when any of the young ladies wanted a companion, for appearance sake; the one to be made to stay at home when there was any job for her to finish; the one to get most of the salt, and little of the sugar of life; never to know what it was to have her own way, save when it coincided with the ways of others;

never to be petted, never to be sought as a confidante, for Muriel was "stupid;" never to be noticed or complimented; never admired, for Muriel was studiously kept in the background; in fact the fair quartette rather lamented that her age necessitated her appearance in public, at least occasionally. She was too old for the school-room by some years, for the next youngest, Charlotte, was twenty. "But it is only wasting money giving Muriel expensive dresses, or getting her taught fashionable accomplishments, at least until some of us are settled, for she has no 'style,' awkward little thing, without a word to say for herself!" So said her two elder sisters; so said her two younger sisters; and yet to think, now——!

But my readers may be impatient to learn in what Muriel's amazing artfulness consisted: then, briefly—Muriel's mother was dead. She died at Helena's birth; and, uncared for, and almost unloved, Muriel had grown up amongst her wilful, high-spirited sisters, just as you sometimes see a pale lily in a border of flaming dahlias or hollyhocks, whither its root has been transplanted by mistake. They had grown up around it, and hid the fair flower from sight; and now that a loving, wary hand had gently drawn away the slighted lily, and planted it in luxury and sunshine, their amazement and mortification knew no bounds.

Strange to say, sisters have been known to cherish "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" toward each other.

An elderly maiden lady, a third cousin, had frequently asked one or other of the sisters to visit her for a week or two at her little cottage, ten miles out in the country, but they had invariably an immense number of reasons to allege, setting forth the impossibility of their paying any visits at the particular time of her invitation. There were new dresses to be bought, with all the attendant business of dressmakers; Helena had a music master for a quarter, and could not leave his valuable instructions; Charlotte had to practice some grand chant for the Reverend Isaac Scapular; and Maud was attending a course of lectures on different subjects, including everything from the habits of beetles to the formation of the mountains of the moon.

The real reason dawned at last on Miss Susan Clyde: she was neither rich, young, gay, nor fashionable, and her fair relatives were ex-

tremely desirous to "pass by on the other side" as far as she was concerned.

At length, one sultry evening in Autumn, as Miss Clyde was about returning home, after spending a few hours with her cousins, she noticed pale Muriel in her shabby dress.

"Muriel, will you come back with me for a couple of days?" she asked.

Muriel flushed, but smiled.

"Thank you, cousin; but"—and she glanced timidly at Miss Serle.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Clyde, so sharply that Helena turned around to stare at her. "Don't bother about clothes or anything. Come along; you can help me to make some damson jam, Muriel," she added; for unless there was some work for her to do, it would seem so absurd to her sisters that Muriel should go anywhere simply to enjoy herself.

Muriel colored again, and Miss Clyde, seeing a sparkle of pleased surprise in the timid, hazel eyes, caught her by the arm.

"Come up stairs, dear, and put a dress and a couple of handkerchiefs and stockings into my bag," she said; "you can all do without her, girls, and I want her to help me about the jam," she repeated, but making a grimace aside to Muriel.

"Well, I suppose she can go; but, really—" said Miss Serle, slowly, and looking annoyed.

"Really what, Julia?" said Miss Clyde, stopping at the door and looking sternly at her.

"Oh, she can go, of course," returned her eldest sister, turning away; "there is an immense deal of sewing on hand though; we do our own plain work, it is so very expensive, and there are two white skirts and three—"

"Well, they can wait until she comes back, Julia; she does not look well, either," said Miss Clyde, pulling Muriel out of the room, while Maud and Helena exchanged scornful glances at the notion of Muriel not looking well.

So Muriel went off with Cousin Clyde, as they called her—went off with a strong sense of elation and pleasing expectation, like a child going to some promised entertainment; and her sisters, watching the old-fashioned phaeton rattling away, made excessively merry over the delightful visit which Muriel would have.

"She will be ten times more mopish than ever, after Cousin Clyde's wretched little ivied cottage, and all the week-day prayer-meetings she must attend," said Miss Serle.

"I wouldn't spend a week with Cousin Clyde for a hundred pounds!" said Helena, arranging her *repentir* curls at the mirror.

"I would then, or for five pounds either," replied her sister, shortly, glancing at a bill in her work-box.

* * * * *

"Is that your best dress, dear," said Miss Clyde to Muriel, as she unfolded a brown ba-rege with faded trimming.

"Yes, cousin," she answered, bending her head over it and speaking low.

"Humph! and Helena wears fawn-colored corded silk!" continued Miss Clyde.

"Well, you know Helena is so pretty, and she shows off dress, and she must have it cousin," said Muriel, putting away the poor, cheap, little dress.

"I'm quite certain that if you had it on, you would look ten times better in it than Miss Helena," said Miss Clyde, angrily. "Come down to breakfast, child, and then we'll go up to Leighton Hall to the gardener about the damsons. Mr. Leighton gave directions I was to have whatever I required; so kind, my dear, when they are three shillings a gallon, and three and sixpence too, I believe, from that nasty Stokes, the market-gardener."

So the good lady chattered while she marshaled her timid little guest into the pretty little sitting-room, where everything struck you as being a combination of comfort, and brightness, pink and blue.

The sofa was blue and white, and so was the carpet, and there were pink roses peeping in through the window, and pink cups and saucers on the table. And there were fresh biscuits, and cream and new-laid eggs, blushing at their own bare prettiness, and delicious tea, and a soft arm-chair to sit in; and no wonder if poor Muriel had a kind of feeling that Cousin Clyde must be mistaking her for some one else. She to be petted, and coaxed to eat, and helped first, and have nothing to do but sit and enjoy herself! And after breakfast it was so strange and pleasant to go up leisurely to get ready for a walk: so donning a little alpaca jacket and white hat with a bit of blue ribbon on it, she set forth with her cousin.

"Who is Mr. Leighton, cousin?" asked Muriel, as they entered the shaded, winding avenue.

"The owner of all this place, Muriel—a gentleman of considerable property, I believe," replied Miss Clyde.

"Oh what a delightful place!" exclaimed Muriel. "And this lovely morning, and the flowers! O look at the wild hyacinths, cousin!" she almost screamed in delight. "Is he an old man, cousin?"

"Old! my dear. Mr. Leighton is only in the prime of life," said Miss Clyde, rather shocked.

"Well, he ought to be happy," cried Muriel, as they came in sight of the handsome, solid-looking gray stone house, with a background of dark green foliage, and a foreground of closely-mown velvety turf and brilliant flower-beds, on which the cool morning shadows were resting. "Such a delightful place!" repeated Muriel. "Oh cousin! I'd work from morning till night to be let live in such a beautiful, lovely——"

She was at an end for adjectives, and stood poising her slender little figure on tip-toe, while her brown eyes sparkled with admiration and excitement, as they roamed over the calm beauty of the scene sleeping in the early sunlight. Miss Clyde looked at Muriel and smiled.

"You may have some nice place of your own one day, Muriel, without working from morning till night for it," she said.

"How?" said Muriel, glancing at her for a moment, and then eagerly trying to smell a cluster of roses above her head.

"How?" said Miss Clyde; "why, the way other girls do, I suppose."

"Oh," said Muriel, and her face fell, and her smile died away. "I mustn't think about such things as that, cousin," she added, shaking her little head with wise resignation.

"Why, pray?" asked the elder lady, sharply, "because you've been told you're not handsome or clever, I suppose?"

"Yes—well, I don't know," said Muriel, confusedly. "I am afraid—I mean, I am sure I should be happier to stay as I am. You see, cousin, I am a very quiet sort of girl; and oh, it would be dreadful to be married to any one that was unkind to me!"

There was a pathos in her words that told its own story, and Miss Clyde's hard face softened.

"You haven't had a very pleasant life, Muriel child," said she, tenderly; "but I hope I'll live to see you married to some one you love, and that loves you," she added (and her voice quivered), "and see if you won't be a happy little woman then."

Muriel laughed, and followed her cousin to a side entrance leading to the high-walled fruit gardens.

"Is Mr. Leighton at home, Winston?" Miss Clyde asked of the gardener, after making her request about the fruit.

"Yes ma'am, he is; he came from London yesterday, ma'am. Dear, dear, them birds! Netting and all don't keep 'em. I believe he's—yes, he's reading in the double walk, Miss

Clyde," replied the gardener, watching several voracious small birds that were darting at the luscious wall-fruit.

"In the double walk?" said Miss Clyde, reddening and looking uncomfortable. "Muriel, Mr. Leighton was in the double walk just inside the avenue. He could hear every word we said. Did we say anything of him, for goodness sake, dear?" she whispered, nervously.

"Nothing but what was good," replied Muriel. "Oh, look at those peaches and green-gages!"

"But, Muriel——"

"No, you didn't, cousin. Oh, look at the plums! Let me go!" and Muriel rushed off after the gardener, wild with pleasure.

"I declare she's just like a child," muttered Miss Clyde, half vexed and yet pleased. She had hardly come to where the girl was standing watching the gardener gathering the fruit, when she spied a gentleman, in a loose, gray, morning suit, advancing in an opposite direction.

Miss Clyde was forty-nine, and a very sensible woman into the bargain; but she could no more resist the impulse toward a rapid, twitching adjustment of dress, experienced by all females in the presence of a masculine, than she could fly; besides, Mr. Leighton was only thirty-eight, and really——

"Good morning, Miss Clyde. I am glad to see you took me at my word."

Muriel, who had not noticed any one's approach, crushed one of her feet into a box-edging as she sprang round, astonished, to confront a tall gentleman, who was shaking hands with her cousin.

"This is a cousin of mine—Miss Muriel Serle, Mr. Leighton," said Miss Clyde, motioning toward her.

Mr. Leighton bowed gravely, though he looked both surprised and inquisitive. After exchanging a few words with the elder lady, he turned and looked at Muriel again.

"Do you like fruit, Miss Serle?" said he, smiling at the longing glances she was casting at the tempting, bloomy fruit peering out from between green leaves in all directions.

"Oh, yes—I delight in it!" she answered, with child-like *naïveté* and eagerness. "It looks so delicious growing on the trees," she added, half ashamed of her outburst.

He smiled again, but looked at her more curiously than before.

"If you will do me the favor to try some of those greengage plums, I think you will find

them very good," said he, gathering a few of the best.

"How nice to be able to gather fruit oneself! I think it is a thousand times better than any you could buy from shops," said Muriel, losing her shyness in the presence of the fruit.

"I think so, too," replied the gentleman. "What do you say to helping me to gather some? Miss Clyde will hold the basket, and we'll go and eat them somewhere out of this hot sun."

"Oh! yes, I will," cried Muriel, laughing from pleasure, and skipping over beside him.

He wasn't minding her, she thought. If she had met him in a drawing-room anywhere, she would have been afraid to speak to him; but here she could talk about the delicious peaches and greengages, and there was no sarcastic, imperious sister near—and he was quite a gentleman, and such a nice man, and he had such a kind smile. Here she peeped at him under a branch, and he looked up and saw her.

"Are you finding many treasures there?" he inquired.

"Yes, such lots! They are actually hitting me!" she said, with another merry laugh.

"Not very hard, I hope," returned Mr. Leighton; "but you have got your face stained with juice, at all events—there, on your cheek. You don't know the place—here," said he, and his fingers lightly touched her soft flushed cheek.

Miss Clyde said afterward that she thought he had gone out of his senses.

"There, I'll rub it off," said Muriel; and she ran down the path, using her handkerchief unmercifully.

Mr. Leighton laughed again as he put the fruit into Miss Clyde's basket.

"Merry little girl!" said he, glancing after Muriel and then at Miss Clyde.

"She is an amiable girl," said the lady a little stiffly.

"I am sure of that—she looks so. She is very young?" said he questioningly.

"Yes, quite a girl," said Miss Clyde, looking at him in her turn.

"Ah!" said he carelessly, "now will you allow me to lead you to some shade? The sun is distressingly hot for you, Miss Clyde."

He then led the way by sultry paths and scorching south walls, where the air was heavy with fruity perfume, to the door of a large conservatory, with wide open glasses. Brushing through ranks of fuchsias, roses, and pelargoniums, he installed Miss Clyde in the shaded drawing room beyond, and said with a bow,

that he should go to look for her cousin, Miss Serle.

Miss Clyde did not consider herself quite within the boundary of strict propriety in thus visiting a bachelor gentleman. To tell the truth, she was in a most uncomfortable state of mind and body, but the garden was broiling and the drawing-room was cool, and Miss Clyde made a virtue of necessity, and fanned herself on an amber-colored lounge, while her host was searching for Muriel.

He found her standing under a cherry-tree, looking warm and distressed, her little hat off, and her brown hair pushed off her forehead.

She was a nice little girl, Mr. Leighton thought again. It was a long time since he saw a simple muslin morning dress in his garden. His stately married sisters never ran about with little white hats and gray alpaca jackets, and his nieces, who were nearly as old as this girl, were very fashionable young ladies indeed. Innocent, and good, and sensible—yes, that was all in her face: quite an attractive face, too. Somehow, though, it was small and pale. This all passed through the gentleman's mind as he escorted Muriel through the gardens into the drawing-room.

Miss Clyde, who had grown cool, now grew hot, as Mr. Leighton insisted on their staying to lunch. It was highly improper, but the dreadful sun, and as an alternative, sherry and iced lemonade, peaches and cream; nobody would know, she hoped, and for the second time Miss Clyde was indiscreet enough to say yes, or at least to say no, which, of course, means the same thing with a lady.

Muriel thought she must be in fairyland; everything so pretty, so inviting, so delicious, and every one so kind, and polite, and merry. She did not know herself; she made remarks, and carried on the conversation, and was even a little witty, just as if she were clever Maud.

"You are enjoying yourself, Muriel," her cousin could not help saying.

Muriel crimsoned, and became silent. Mr. Leighton looked at them both, astonished.

"I hope she is enjoying herself, Miss Clyde," said he a little sharply.

"Of course! Good gracious!" said she hastily; "but Muriel does not often enjoy herself."

"How is that?" he asked gravely.

"I declare he is inquisitive to-day," thought Miss Clyde.

"Well," said Miss Clyde, "she cannot often leave home, and——"

Miss Clyde was at such a loss what to say

next, that she coughed violently, while Muriel forced a smile and looked unconcerned. Mr. Leighton perfectly understood what was meant, and changed the subject, though he looked offener than ever at Muriel.

After luncheon, when they had refused the offer of a phaeton to drive them home, their host escorted them to the avenue gates.

"Isn't he an extremely nice man, Muriel?" said her cousin, as they slowly walked along.

"Oh! very, very; so kind and pleasant!" echoed Muriel, involuntarily sighing.

Days passed on in the pretty little cottage with the blue and white parlor. As swiftly as pleasantly they flew, and Muriel counted the hours. She was almost sorry she came. It would seem doubly hard to leave this peaceful, happy life, and go back to genteel drudgery, slights, unkindness, and neglect. She tried continually to show her gratitude and love to the kind relative who had given her so much pleasure. She made preserves and custards as well as Miss Clyde herself; she braided pretty cuffs and collars for her, and trimmed her summer bonnet over again; she read for her, and walked with her to the week-day prayer-meetings, until her cousin said one day, "Muriel, my dear, I think I'll keep you altogether for myself. I want you worse than Julia or the girls do."

It touched the sore spot. Muriel colored, the tears came into her eyes with agitation, and she finally burst out into a fit of crying.

"My dear child!" said Miss Clyde.

"O cousin! I can't help it," sobbed Muriel. "I am so sorry to leave you; and I've been a fortnight here now, and I must go; and I am so sorry—I've been so happy!"

"My darling, you sha'n't stir a step until you like. Julia's not your mother, to make you come and go as she pleases—bother her!" ejaculated Miss Clyde.

"Oh! I must go," said Muriel. "She would be angry; and what good would it——"

"Muriel, child, here's Mr. Leighton. Run and bathe your eyes, for pity's sake!" interrupted Miss Clyde, giving herself the usual preliminary twitch, and hurrying Muriel out of the room.

This was not the first time they had met Mr. Leighton since the day they were at his house. He had saluted both ladies several times in the course of their walks, and had walked part of the way home from church with them two days before.

"Have you seen the *Illustrated London News* this week, Miss Clyde? It is particularly

good; and as I was passing I thought you would like to look at it," said the gentleman, as the maid ushered him into the sitting-room. He was Miss Clyde's landlord; but he had never visited her as yet, and she felt both honored and embarrassed.

"It wasn't correct at all; but what can one do?" she thought. "You are extremely kind, indeed, Mr. Leighton," she added aloud.

"Are you alone, Miss Clyde?" he asked, before he even accepted a seat, and glancing hastily around.

"Yes—oh! yes," replied the lady, staring at him.

"Is your cousin gone home?" he asked.

The strong tone of disappointment in his voice made Miss Clyde stare more wildly, if possible, than before, for a moment; then a sudden intelligence made her face flush and her eyes sparkle; she could hardly control a quiver in her voice as she answered him.

"Muriel gone home?" she said. "Oh! dear, no. I thought you meant was I alone in the room."

The sudden brightening of his face completed Miss Clyde's enlightenment on one subject, but completely prevented her from understanding a word of his conversation on any other.

Just then Muriel entered, very pale, and slightly pink about her eyes. Miss Clyde saw Mr. Leighton's gaze fixed on her face, as he got up and shook hands with her in silence.

"He'll think I have been making her cry. Now, what shall I do?" thought Miss Clyde distressfully. "I'll go out of the room," concluded Miss Clyde, who was as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove; and out she trotted, begging to be excused for a moment.

"I was afraid that you had gone home, Miss Serle," said Mr. Leighton, drawing his chair near her, "and I want you and Miss Clyde to be present at the annual dinner to the tenantry. There will be dancing by lamplight under the trees, and a great deal of fun. I think you would enjoy it. Will you come?"

"Oh! I should like it very much, indeed," replied Muriel. "But I am afraid I—When will it be?" she said, her eyes filling again.

"In four days," he replied. "Surely there is no hurry for you to return, Miss Serle," he added very gently. "There is no one sick. Are you well yourself?"

"I am; but I have been crying," said Muriel, with an hysterical little laugh. "I am so sorry to leave my cousin, and we were just talking about it as you came in."

"Oh, we can't spare you for a while yet," said Mr. Leighton, smiling. "Miss Clyde is lonely here, and I am lonely at the Hall, and you brighten us up a little. See, here is Longfellow in my pocket. You said you wanted to read *Evangeline*," he added. And the scarlet and gold volume was laid in Muriel's lap.

A perfectly new book she saw, with the edges clinging together with the heavy, unsullied gilding. She thanked him artlessly and heartily; but as Miss Clyde caught sight of the book on entering the room, her face spoke volumes. He repeated his invitation to her, and she consented, saying—"If the Lawlesses go, they will call for us, and will serve as an escort."

"Ah, it would not be quite proper otherwise, I suppose," said Mr. Leighton, with a dry smile, as he rose to go. "Well, we'll see."

"Now Muriel, my pet, you must get a new dress," cried Miss Clyde, as soon as the door closed after him.

"I didn't bring—" began Muriel.

"I know you didn't, child," interrupted Miss Clyde; "but never mind. I suppose I have a few shillings to spare, my dear; and you shall have one pretty dress in your life, as well as Helena—wax doll!"

It was quite surprising, the excitement of Miss Clyde's face, and to see how she pushed her neat bands of hair all awry.

"We'll get out the phaeton and go over to Marlfield and buy it," she continued. "I think you'd look well in pink."

It was vain for Muriel to say she would rather not, that her old black silk skirt would do, with a new *fichu* of white lace and muslin, which she could make herself, and which would cost but a few shillings.

Miss Clyde would not listen to her, and hurried Muriel into the phaeton, when she gathered up the reins and laid the whip over the pony in a manner that astonished him.

Muriel was harassed on the score of the relative merits of pink or blue, but she declared herself in favor of white. So the dress was bought of plain tarletane, and without a shred of ornament or color except a broad sash of pale, rose-colored silk.

"I'll make it myself, cousin. I am well used to making evening dresses," said Muriel, laughing.

"We never bought anything to wear in your hair!" gasped Miss Clyde, as they were within half a mile of home.

"A very good thing to remember," said Muriel, merrily; "but what are those roses grow-

ing over your windows for, cousin, but for me to gather? You shall see what a wreath I shall have!"

During the process of dressmaking, Miss Clyde's anxiety knew no bounds; Muriel could not understand it. It was—"Muriel, child, be sure you have a handsome skirt. My dear, I am sorry that lace is not deeper. Muriel, child, I am afraid you will look bare. What a pity I have no pretty bracelets to lend you!" every hour in the day.

"Don't fret, cousin, I shall look well enough," returned Muriel, continually.

When the evening at length arrived, and Miss Clyde emerged from her apartment—where she had been locked in for three hours at least—stiff and splendid in violet silk and white lace, and confronted her fair young guest, she did look "well enough" of a surety.

The simple virginal dress of snowy white, the slight waist—in easy proportion with her slender figure, please remember—circled with a rose-colored zone, whose floating sash gleamed amid the folds of her dress; the creamy shoulders, just peering above a small snowdrift of tulle, with a bouquet of blush-roses in the centre; the small, pale, intellectual face, with large, thoughtful eyes; the waxen brow, with the light-brown hair looped softly back to the chignon, where soft, large curls seemed to clasp roses, and roses to hold curls, in the most exquisite tangle, composed altogether so lovely and lovable an object, that Miss Clyde drew in her breath hard for a moment.

"You are bent on conquest, Muriel," said she, with a knowing smile, and a face of intense delight and satisfaction.

"Yes, cousin, '*veni, vidi, vici*' is my motto, you know," said the girl, sarcastically.

"It's an extremely appropriate one," cried Miss Clyde, with such suppressed mirth in her face that a sudden suspicion shot through Muriel's mind.

"Cousin," said she, uneasily, while her pale face colored, "why do you say that?"

"Never mind, dear, here are the Lawlesses?" said Miss Clyde, rushing back to her room to wrap up, foreseeing some close questioning.

Leighton Hall was more than ever like a fairy place that night. Lights were glittering in every window, and lamps gleaming softly in every tree on the lawn. Music was ringing through the open windows of the drawing-room, and the county band was drumming and fifing splendidly beneath the trees outside.

Mr. Leighton met them at the hall door. He welcomed all cordially, but they did not notice

that Muriel's welcome was warmer than any one else's. No one noticed it but Miss Clyde. That worthy lady's cup of gratification was so full that another drop would make it flow over. Nevertheless, Mr. Leighton went on adding drops.

Miss Clyde was sought out and attended to by people who before that night had scarcely noticed her. Muriel had more partners than she knew what to do with; and at length Mr. Leighton, offering her his arm, conducted her through the open French windows out on the lawn. Miss Clyde followed close behind. He led Muriel into the tents, and amongst the people, asking her approval, and listening to her sentiments with such marked attention that Muriel grew a little frightened, though very happy.

"He is extremely polite to you, Muriel," said her cousin, coughing.

"Yes, and so kind," replied Muriel.

"Well, such innocence or stupidity I never saw," muttered Miss Clyde.

Mr. Leighton had gone away for a moment, but now returned.

"Your old friend, Mrs. Dalton, is here, Miss Clyde," said he, "and she is most anxious to see you. I will take charge of Miss Serle for a while."

"There is no doubt but you will," thought the lady to herself, as she hurried away.

Mr. Leighton took Muriel back to the house again, but not into the ball-room.

"Do you care for dancing, Miss Serle?" he asked. "Because, if you do not, I have some curiosities and pictures in the library, which I should like to show you."

"Oh, I would much rather go and look at them. The ball-room is so hot—and so many people," said Muriel, eagerly.

He smiled, and looked earnestly at the ingenuous, fair young face beside him. He led her into the library and closed the door; but instead of opening the bookcases or the mahogany caskets and cabinets which were on the tables, he drew back the window-curtains and looked out on the animated scene.

"Is it not pretty?" said he, pointing to the white tents, and the moonlit sward, the lamp-lit trees, and the gay dresses.

"Very," said Muriel, softly. She was not one to express her emotions in loud exclamations.

"You are not happy at home with your sisters, Miss Serle?" said he, taking her hand.

"No," said Muriel, alarmed beyond everything at his strange manner.

"Do you like Leighton Hall?" he continued, his dark eyes watching her.

"Yes," was all she could utter, while she looked despairingly at the height of the window from the lawn below.

"But it wants one thing," he went on, still holding her hand and looking at her. Muriel stared and trembled. "Are you cold, Muriel, darling?" he asked tenderly.

Muriel trembled worse than ever, and was going to sit down on the floor, only Mr. Leighton drew a chair near her.

"Muriel Serle, come here," said he, and he drew her forward into the lamp-light; "if ever there was truth in a woman's face it is in yours. I have known you but three weeks; I have spoken to you but five or six times, but I never saw a woman or girl yet into whose keeping I would give my honor and happiness more gladly. I am older than you by many years. You seem almost a child to me; but—Muriel, I want you to be my wife, if you think you could be happy with me."

His voice sank into an agitated whisper; this strong man, in the prime of life, before the slender lily-like girl, with the roses in her hair, and her little white hands convulsively clasping each other as she listened to him.

As "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," broke over Muriel's comprehension, she lifted her head, and with a mechanical glance at the moon-lit scene outside, and all the evidences of wealth and position which surrounded her, she looked at him—her hazel eyes large with amazement, and said, "Is it I?"

He never forgot the innocent, unbounded surprise with which the question was asked, nor the unconscious emphasis on the last pronoun.

"You—you!" he cried, clasping her hand again. "I am lonely, Muriel. I have no one that loves me for myself alone. I am rich; but that would never tempt you—guileless, pure little girl. Will you come and cheer my loneliness and make me happy, Muriel?"

His arms were around her; but he suddenly released her as he discovered the tears rolling down her face.

"Muriel," said he, "are you angry?"

"No—oh no," sobbed Muriel.

"Am I too old for you, Muriel?" he went on, pleadingly; "or is there any one you would like better than me?"

"No—no one," cried Muriel.

"Then why are you weeping, my darling?"

Mr. Leighton was such a thorough man that he did not comprehend the luxury of a good cry.

"Because—because it is so sudden," Muriel articulated.

"Is that all?" he laughed. "But, Muriel, tell me, dear, do you think you could like me?" he resumed. "I will try my best to make you happy."

"But I don't know anything. I am young, and ignorant, and stupid."

Muriel brought the last adjective out with difficulty, as a climax to her mortifying confession.

"You are wiser than any woman I know of, to be able to speak so of yourself; for you evidently quite believe it," said Mr. Leighton. "Muriel, you are all I wish for, just as you are; and no man could wish for a fairer or better wife," he added. And his proud, fond gaze dwelt on her face and figure.

A discreet tapping at the door made Muriel start.

"Come in," said Mr. Leighton, rather sharply.

Miss Clyde's violet silk made its appearance, and then Miss Clyde herself.

"Muriel, dear, I have been looking for you everywhere," said she. Her voice sounded sharp and displeased, and her face looked stern enough.

"My dear Miss Clyde, permit me to introduce this lady to you," said Mr. Leighton.

Miss Clyde saw his eyes sparkling, saw Muriel sitting at the table, with downcast eyes, and her head resting on her hand; and disbelieving the evidence of her senses, she held fast by a chair.

"Miss Clyde," he continued, "this is the future Mrs. Leighton."

Miss Clyde grew as white as the Honiton lace around her throat, and she staggered into the chair she had fortunately held; while Mr. Leighton raised Muriel and drew her within his arm, and they both confronted Miss Clyde, who looked helplessly from one to the other in dead silence.

"Are you going to be Mr. Leighton's wife, Muriel?" she said, at last.

Muriel looked at her and then at him. "Yes, cousin," she whispered.

"Then may Heaven bless you, my dear girl!" Miss Clyde was going to shed tears, but thought better of it, as she was always a wise woman. "Mr. Leighton, I know you to be good and kind to every one; you will be good to little Muriel. And now, my darling," she cried, bursting into a mixture of laughing and crying, "hasn't my wish come true?—and won't you be a happy little woman? Only, I

never thought to see my poor little Muriel the mistress of Leighton Hall!"

"I heard you that day, Miss Clyde," said Mr. Leighton; "it was a shame to listen, but having once caught sight of Muriel's face, I could not help it."

"And now, cousin, let us go home," whispered Muriel.

"One word," said Mr. Leighton, as she came into the library, shawled and hooded. "Muriel, you are true. Look in my face and tell me, is there a shade of regret in your heart? You do not love me, I know; but tell me that you can be my wife with a free heart or not. I will wait for you, Muriel, if you wish."

He sighed as he thought of the wide span of years that lay between them; but Muriel put her hand timidly near him.

"I like you very much," she said, while her fair face crimsoned; "there is no one else—but I am afraid you will be greatly disappointed if—"

She was here interrupted. For the first time in her life, a man's kiss, passionate, tender and true, was pressed on her lips, and Muriel rushed out of the room, nearly knocking down Miss Clyde, who was entering.

* * * * *

There was a very quiet wedding, as Muriel wished, at Leighton Hall. Helena and Charlotte Serle were bridesmaids. Ungracious ones they were, too; for no amount of sal-volatile could restore their nerves after the shock of the discovery that Muriel—stupid, awkward little creature, without a word to say for herself—had won a prize that any one of the four amiable sisters would have given her little finger to win—a rich, good-tempered husband, an aristocratic name, and a splendid house.

Of course, they bitterly ridiculed the idea of Muriel's having married him from feelings of esteem and affection. And yet if they loved her they might have seen how really happy she was, with quiet, heart-happiness. She honored and loved, more than words can tell, the tender husband who gave her such happiness, and Muriel Leighton is one of those women in whom the heart of a husband can safely trust.

But from the envious tongues of the sisters, who could only partake of the hospitality so freely offered them in her wealthy home, the only reason why she had been raised from the forlorn state they good-naturedly assigned to her, to her present position, rich, admired, and loved, was, from beginning to end, the success of a deep-laid scheme—"MURIEL'S ARTFULNESS."

ZENA.

WHAT FIVE DOLLARS PAID.

MR. HERRIOT was sitting in his office one day, when a lad entered and handed him a small slip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon. It isn't just convenient to-day."

The boy retired.

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five dollar bill in his pocket; but, he felt as if he couldn't part with it. He didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man, and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.

"I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

He mused still farther.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "It's Grant's money, and not mine; and what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left his office.

"Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as his boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"Didn't get the money?"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."

"Oh! dear, I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen, and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant. "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow, and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure Herriot came in, and, after some words of apology, paid the bill.

"Run and get this bill changed," said the shoemaker to his boy the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as soon as the change was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to Mr. Weaver across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning, and sorry that I hadn't as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden. But, I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow and you shall have the money, to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I haven't a cent to bless myself with; and I owe so much at the grocer's, where I deal, that he won't trust me for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are the three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he hadn't the money when you sent for it awhile ago."

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman, whose need he had been able to supply, distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer, on account of her debt to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy colored woman who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Weaver's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus be able to provide an evening and a morning's meal for herself and children. The other half dollar was paid to the baker when he called toward evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus, the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge four debts, and, at the same time re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened as she came in; but, there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said—"I am very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very great, for the smile she had forced into life instantly faded, and was succeeded by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half choked voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"Oh! yes, ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."

"Havn't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an expression of pain was about passing her lips, when the door of the room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and, without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil disposed person, and been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up to within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during this day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now had nearly given her up. There was another little bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker, Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket-book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.

T. S. A.

FOR YOU.

A FLOWER AND A STORY.

BY PARSONS.

YOU bade me wear this heliotrope,
That blossomed at our feet,
And loaded all the evening air
With odor rare and sweet;
For when you told your love, and begged
One tender word of hope,
I broke and gave you silently
A sprig of heliotrope.
And so, altho' the roses glow
With clustering white and red,
Though jasmine tempts with golden bells
Drooping above my head,
I think of you, and turn away
To where the perfumed air
Betrays these tiny purple flowers,
And place them in my hair;
For what care I for dainty dress,
Or jewels, sparkling light?
'Tis only to be fair to you
I would be fair to-night;
That when your lingering look shall bring
Me flattery more sweet
Than all the world's, your heliotrope
The searching gaze shall meet;
Then you will whisper to your heart—
"She loves me! she is true!"
And so the sweetest flower I wear
For you, my love, for you.

You bade me write and sing for you
A tender little song,
That you might murmur to your heart
When we were parted long,
To tell you that my life is yours,
That only for your praise
I write my tenderest poetry,
And sing my sweetest lays.
To you its incense and its gold
My faithful heart will bring;
For you my gleeful carols and
The softer notes I sing;
But this refrain steals through them all,
It haunts me all the time,
And floats through every passing thought
Its simply ringing rhyme.
This is the foolish little song—
"Where'er my love may be,
My heart and his are one, for I
Love him and he loves me!"
So I will wear the sweetest flower
To tell you I am true,
And sing my happiest, tenderest song,
For you, my love, for you.

THE MORTGAGE.

IT was New-Year's eve. Henry Bonfield sat looking into the fire, while his wife was busy washing up the supper dishes and putting the room in order. He was unusually silent, and his wife, as she glanced toward him now and then, began to fear that something troubled him. After she had finished up her work, she came and sat down by his side, and as she laid one hand on his shoulder, said—

"You are looking dull to-night, Henry. Don't you feel well?"

"I am a little dull," he replied. "The fact is, Jenny, I don't feel comfortable, as things are. I hoped by this time to have our home nearly paid for; but instead, I've only reduced the debt a hundred and fifty dollars in the last year. At this rate, the entire mortgage will not be paid off for six or seven years."

"Is that all!" exclaimed Mrs. Bonfield, in a cheery tone of voice. "Now, I call that taking trouble for nothing. What's the great difference whether it takes three years or six to pay off the mortgage, so it's paid off at last, and we have a comfortable home all the while? Maybe it will be better for us to save and pinch for seven years than for three. Economy will become a habit by that time, and there is no better habit for a safe passage through the world, as my father used to say."

"All very well, Jenny, if life were certain," answered the husband. "If I live, everything may come out right. But if I should die before the house is paid for?"

"Don't talk of dying," said Mrs. Bonfield, quickly, a troubled expression coming into her face.

Her husband dropped his eyes to the floor and sat in thought for a good while.

"Jenny," he said, looking up at length, "there's one way to make things safe. I've been turning it over in my mind for several days, but didn't just care to speak of it. I could get a life insurance for one or two thousand dollars."

He saw his wife's cheeks grow instantly pale.

"Oh! no," she exclaimed quickly, "I wouldn't do that. The very thought sends a cold shiver all over me."

"Thousands of people get their lives insured," said Mr. Bonfield.

But Mrs. Bonfield shook her head. "I wouldn't have you do it for the world. It's just like looking death in the face."

It was all in vain that her husband tried to reason with her.

"It's of no use, Henry," she answered. "I wouldn't have a moment's peace from the day

your life was insured. It seems to me a kind of flying in the face of Providence. There's something so cold and calculating in the whole thing—putting up so much money, as it were, against a life—valuing a human life at one, or two, or ten thousand dollars! Oh! no, Henry. I don't want you to do it."

"I'm sorry you feel so," replied her husband. "It would set my mind at ease in regard to the mortgage."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said Mrs. Bonfield, trying to speak cheerily; "it will be right in a few years."

But the young man could not feel at ease. They had two children, and his wife's health was not very good. If he should die, what was to become of them? This thought was perpetually haunting him and taking away the pleasure of life.

When New-Year's eve came round again Bonfield's circumstances were not much improved. Only one hundred dollars had been paid on the mortgage during the whole year. There had been sickness, loss of time, large doctor's bills, and one or two bad debts. Another baby had come, with the added care and expense.

Bonfield was less cheerful than on the previous New-Year's eve. A shadow seemed to rest over him.

"I wish you could look at things more hopefully," said his wife. "He who feedeth the ravens has us in his keeping as well. Why should we lose the blessings given us to-day in fear of some evil to-morrow? We have our pleasant home and our darling children—good gifts and precious. Let us be happy in them."

Good gifts and precious they were to Bonfield. Few men loved wife and children with a tenderer and more unselfish love. It was in the very depths of this love that anxiety was born. Fear lest he should be taken from them haunted him night and day. What was to become of them if he should die?

Alas for the next New-Year's eve! It found the death-angel in Bonfield's house. A sudden illness baffled all the physician's skill, and the life on which so much depended went out, and left sorrow, and darkness, and desolation of spirit behind.

"What is to become of his poor wife and children?" was the anxious question that passed from lip to lip among friends and neighbors. They had not a relative in the place—no one on whom they had any natural claim for help or support. It was this that had made

the husband and father so anxious about them, and so earnest to get his home paid for. In the year which had just closed, only a hundred dollars of the mortgage had been cancelled, and there still remained eight hundred dollars due. This mortgage was in the hands of a man who would not scruple to rob the widow and orphans by taking any advantage within his reach. While Bonfield lived, he knew that nothing could be gained by an attempt to foreclose the mortgage, for another could easily have been obtained. But now that he was dead, and his widow left without the means of meeting even the interest, much less paying off the mortgage, an opportunity to force a sale and get the property at a sacrifice had come, which he was not the man to let pass.

Three days after the funeral, Mrs. Bonfield was roused from the helpless lethargy of her grief by the reception of a legal paper, giving notice that the balance of money due on the house must be paid by a certain date or it would be sold in satisfaction of the mortgage. To whom could she go in this sad extremity? Alas! there was no one. In losing her husband she had lost her only human friend, supporter, and protector. She was alone in the world.

The extremity of her situation quickened into life all the energy of Mrs. Bonfield's nature. She looked at her three fatherless children, then at her small, weak hands, by which alone their bread was to be wrested from the world, and then upward to God for guidance and help. For a whole day after receiving the legal notice, she cast about helpless in her mind for a means of escape from the threatened danger. Not a single neighbor came in during the time to help or counsel her. If the house had been paid for, and a home thus secured, Mrs. Bonfield would have seen the way clear. Before her marriage she had learned the trade of a milliner, and being a woman of considerable taste, she felt sure that she could turn her skill to good account in the support of her children. But if her home was taken from her, what would she do?

In her painful suspense and anxiety she went to the man who held the mortgage, and telling him her plans, besought him to let the debt lie for one year, and sell then if she could not pay the interest and a part of the debt. But he would listen to nothing. The chance had come to make gain of oppression, and he would not let it pass.

The poor widow went back in despair to her children, and sat down among them, weeping and wringing her hands. Her oldest child, a

girl six years of age, tried to tell her something, but her ears were deaf.

"Mother!" said the child, with the eagerness of one who seemed to forget everything for herself.

"Not now, dear!" and Mrs. Bonfield tried to push her away.

"But the man told me to give it to you as soon as you came in. Here it is," urged the child.

"Give me what?" and Mrs. Bonfield roused herself a little.

"This letter," and the child pushed a letter into her mother's hand.

A letter! When she comprehended that, Mrs. Bonfield's interest awakened. She took it from her child's hand, and opening it, read a few lines, and then let it fall to the floor. But quickly and eagerly catching it up, she held it in wild excitement close to her eyes; then let it fall again, and burying her face in her hands, sat very still, while tears fell in large drops through her fingers down upon the carpet.

"DEAR MADAM" (so the letter read): "Two years ago your husband had his life insured in our office for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. The amount will be paid to you on demand."

It was from the secretary of a life insurance company, the office of which was in a neighboring town.

Sinking upon her knees among her children, the widow lifted her heart in thankfulness to God. Light broke in upon the darkness of her life. The tender love of her husband, that was ever concerned for her good, seemed reaching over from the other side to succor and to comfort her. Death had suddenly taken him away to what seemed an infinite distance. An impassable gulf was between them. But now it seemed as if he were in the very room with her, and that his hands were holding her up and leading her in safety.

"Dear husband!" she murmured, "my heart blesses you for this love and care! It will be well with your little ones now. I will stand to them in your stead—toil for them, care for them, make their lives blessed as you would have done."

All her way was plain now. She paid off the mortgage, and so had her home secure. A part of the money that remained she put out at interest, and with the rest fitted up her little parlor as a place of business, bought a few useful and fancy articles, and set up as a milliner. Her taste, her skill, and her industry soon brought her plenty of work, and in a few years she had the largest custom in her line that the town afforded.—*The Workingman*.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXI.

"BY JOVE!" said Sydney Weymouth, "the old man's put affairs through this time with a vengeance."

He sat in the chamber of his hotel in New York. It was just after his late breakfast, and he had been enjoying his cigar in a luxurious fashion, and thinking the world was a pretty comfortable place, if a fellow had plenty of money, and was philosopher enough to take it easily.

Then he had taken up a photograph which his betrothed had sent him, with one of her dainty epistles, the night before.

He had contemplated this for some time, with a kind of critical look on his face, which could hardly have gratified the original of the picture.

"Women never did look well in photographs—the hard lines always spoiled their faces," the young man thought to himself. Yet most men would have exclaimed, on seeing the *carte de visite*—"What a handsome woman!"

But a face with a pale, clear outline, and shining eyes, seemed to hover with tantalizing sweetness about this picture which he held in his hand. What business had the hovering phantom there? Yet Sydney Weymouth knew well enough whose form and likeness it had taken, and in his heart the man hated it. His meditations were suddenly broken by the waiter who brought the morning mail. There was a letter from his father. The son read it hastily, and then broke out in his ejaculation.

He was too excited to sit still now. He rose up, tossing his half consumed cigar on the table, and walked about the room, looking pale and excited.

He had not counted on his father's pushing affairs to such sudden conclusions.

Would this headlong precipitation on the old man's part cheat the son out of that sweet morsel of vengeance for which he had been waiting and working so long?

How often he had lived it over in imagination: the hour when Jacqueline Thayne should come, to learn that the man to whom she had given her heart—the man for whose sake she had refused the love of Sydney Weymouth—was a coward and a villain.

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Young Weymouth had come to entertain no doubt that Philip Draper was all which had stood between Jacqueline and himself in that hour which made him sometimes grind his teeth together when he thought of it.

From all the rest of the world, Sydney Weymouth was certain that his secret was safe enough; but the husband of Jacqueline Thayne would be certain to know that he owned the hand which Sydney Weymouth had sought in vain to win.

What an enormous thing this man's self-love must have been, that it could be so galled and stung by such a thought; that it could transform the good-natured—and, on a certain level, generous—Sydney Weymouth into the deadly foe of his rival!

While I write this, I am thinking, too, how many a man there is who owes a woman an eternal debt of gratitude because she saved him from a life of misery, by refusing the love he offered her in his undeveloped manhood; how many a woman looks back with a half-shuddering sense of deliverance to that time when some boyish lover wore the roseate hues of her girlish fancy, thinking "If he had asked me then, I might be his wife to-day."

Perhaps Sydney Weymouth could have been more generous toward Jacqueline Thayne, if she had been merely some common-place girl, whose prettiness or brightness had attracted his early fancy; but he had a feeling that there was something eternal in Jacqueline's refusal of himself; that the highest and the most precious thing he had ever coveted had denied itself to him; and his soul within him longed to prove to her—to himself, perhaps—the mistake she had made; to bring down into the mire the man she had set in the sacred temple of her soul, as noble and lofty above all other men, and say, "Behold, this is he whom your soul revered."

Over the thought of that triumph the soul of Sidney Weymouth gloated with savage exultation.

Sydney Weymouth, too, had counted wisely on the nature with which he had to deal. He knew, once prove to Jacqueline Thayne that this lover of hers—the man's instinct always took it for granted young Draper was that—had dealt falsely by the factory girl—had, in

short, flirted with her and won her heart, if it had gone no further than that—merely to gratify his vanity or test his power over another soul, or to infuse a certain zest and interest into the dull weeks at Hedgerows—the squire's niece would shrink from her lover as something false and defiled. Other women in her case might look lightly on such conduct; at least, try to palliate or hunt flimsy excuses for it, but Jacqueline Thayne would regard a wrong done to the lowliest of her sex as though it were done to herself: the most charitable and pitiful of women where her sex are usually deemed severest, prompt and generous to overlook all those faults which find some palliation in organization and temperament, the girl shrank with horror from cruelty, meanness, or cowardice. Her heart—that very womanly instinct of worship which was a part of her nature—could never pardon to its love, falsehood or baseness.

Sydney Weymouth had given the darkest possible construction to the superintendent's relations with Ruth Benson. Prejudiced as the young man was, however, he could not fail to discern that here there were some links wanting in his chain of evidence. Whether, however, the worst could be proved or not, it would be sufficient for Weymouth's purpose to convince Jacqueline that Reynolds had told the truth.

"Ah, my fine lady, it will be a dreadful blow to you," he said to himself, gloating over the thought of all Jacqueline must suffer when she came to know the truth, and something evil came into the man's eyes. I believe Sydney Weymouth was growing bad these days.

The contents of his father's letter could not fail to move him keenly. He had hardly suspected it would be so easy getting rid of the superintendent, and in his heart the son could at first have cursed the old man for his haste.

But as he grew calmer and took in the whole situation of affairs, he began to feel that this might after all turn out for the best.

He must trim his sails to this new wind. Philip Draper's absence, too, might prove the best thing possible at this juncture.

Sydney Weymouth, however, found fresh food for his suspicions in this readiness of the superintendent to leave Hedgerows.

"He was in a fat berth down there at the factories, and my soul on it he wouldn't be willing to throw it up if he wasn't afraid something was likely to come to light greatly to his disadvantage. Ah, my man, I've got my grip on you, and I don't intend to let it go until I've

dashed the mask off you, and shown you up, hideous and hypocrite as you are, to the eyes of one woman!" and Sydney Weymouth clinched his hand and then snapped his fingers and laughed. It was a light laugh, but I believe the devil was glad to hear it.

Sydney Weymouth finally concluded he could afford to stay a couple of days longer in New York. There seemed no especial reason to hurry home, and there was a new opera to be brought out and he wanted hugely to see it.

The truth was, Sydney Weymouth did not want to look Philip Draper in the eyes again. The letter had said he would be off in a day or two.

At the very time the son was reading his father's letter in the chamber of his hotel, the old gentleman was reading another at home. When it was through he laid it down and swore a loud oath.

"My goodness, father," exclaimed Mrs. Weymouth—who, at the other end of the room, was feeding her canaries—shocked and amazed at the words. Profanity was not the habit of her husband.

Mr. Weymouth took off his glasses. His hand shook as though a sudden palsy had struck it. His wife came over affrighted to his side.

"Is anything the matter, Stephen?"

"Read that," and he pointed to the letter he had laid down.

She took it up and ran over the contents. It was a letter from a police officer, inquiring whether a man by the name of Stark Reynolds was in the employ of the Hedgerows woollen mills. He might be known here by some other name, but this was certainly one of his *aliases*, of which he had at least a dozen. He was an old hand at crime, and had broken State's prison six months ago. He had served out a year of his last term. Then followed a description of Reynolds. The police had been on his track for awhile and had suspicions that the man was lurking about Hedgerows.

Mrs. Weymouth laid down the letter, and the husband and wife looked at each other.

"You are sure it is the man?" she asked. She had never seen the wool-sorter.

"There's not the ghost of a doubt about that. That description would nail the villain anywhere. Curse him!"

Mrs. Weymouth could not find a word to say.

As for her husband, she had never seen him so excited in his life. He called himself a fool,

and he called Sydney another. As for Reynolds, he affirmed anybody might have seen, though he were blind as a bat, that that man carried villainy written in his face.

"O Stephen! do try and be calm. It will kill you to go on at this rate," pleaded Mrs. Weymouth, almost as much agitated as her husband.

But she might as well have talked to the winds. In fact Mrs. Weymouth received a look from her husband at that time which actually scared her.

"What are you going to do," she faltered.

"I'm going, for the first thing, to get that fellow back into the cell that he so richly deserves, and as for Draper—" he drew himself up by the mantel and drew two or three hard breaths, his eyes strained at her as though he could not see her, and his face grew deadly pale. "Mary," he said, in a changed voice, "I feel cold—what is the matter?"

The wife went up to him with a new alarm in her face. His hand groped for her as though he were a helpless infant, and when she led him to a seat he leaned against her heavily as though otherwise he must have fallen.

That day Sydney Weymouth received a telegram from home. His father had had a slight stroke of paralysis.

—
Jacqueline Thayne had gone out of doors late in the afternoon. Such magnificent days as had burst out in this week—the last in September. A very divine wonder and glory, each had arisen in the East and gone its appointed length over the earth, filling sky and atmosphere, and earth with such splendor of color, such lavish joy, and ripeness, and perfection of life, that merely to live seemed blessedness enough. There were no days like these to Jacqueline. Not even those wonderful ones when the fiery heart of the year was throbbing with the intoxication of youth, and every June day burst out in a very mad riot of greenness and bloom, were to this girl quite so dear as the still splendor of September.

"I hope I shall die in the midst of such days," she said to her uncle, her eyes so deep and lustrous that the man could not keep his own away from them. "But I can't imagine that I should want Heaven any better than this, only that will last, you know."

This afternoon Jacqueline went out with no definite plan for her walk; only the wide outdoors called to her and made the very blood tingle in her veins.

She went slowly up the lane, through the

wide, warm, sunny stillness, not meeting a soul, and at last reached the great hill pastures. She crept through the bars and wandered along to a great wild-cherry tree in the middle of the field, and sat down here, still as a statue, at the foot of the great gnarled trunk.

How beautiful it was—almost more to her than she could bear. The tears came into her eyes. Those were God's hills afar off in the still, purple atmosphere, and the skies overhead, with their depths of blue, and the dear, old, green earth all about her. How near He always seemed these days—how tender and loving. She never doubted Him at such times. All those dreadful problems of human life that worried and tormented her soul, and came with chill and darkness between her and her Father in Heaven, ceased to trouble her now. His heart was her eternal home, and its immortal love would take in and harmonize there all it had created.

So the girl's thoughts went, sitting under the old cherry-tree in the hill-pasture, on that late September afternoon. Her seat commanded a view of one side of her home. Looking down she saw suddenly a young girl standing at the side gate, looking at the house, with something timid and irresolute in her air.

Jacqueline watched the girl's movements with a good deal of interest. She seemed to take heart at last and go up rapidly to the door, although her figure was soon lost among the windings of the shrubbery.

"I wonder what she can want?" thought Jacqueline, and then she forgot all about the girl and somehow fell to thinking of Philip Draper.

She had thought a great deal about him. Ever since she had learned of the riot at the mills she had felt a constant solicitude and sympathy at her heart. She had wondered too that he did not come out to Blue River, and she had been a good deal disappointed as the evenings went by without bringing him.

She did not even know that he was about to leave Hedgerows. It was very singular that her uncle had not told her, but Squire Thayne was a good deal like a woman in this. He largely obeyed his instincts, and whenever he was tempted to inform his niece of the superintendent's plans, something seemed to warn him to wait.

It all seemed very absurd when he set the matter before himself in a common-sense light, but, after all, Squire Thayne kept silent.

In a few moments Jacqueline saw the young girl come in sight again. The former remem-

bered now that her uncle had been absent all the afternoon. She would have called to the stranger had she been sure of making herself heard.

The young girl walked slowly up the road until she came to its juncture with the lane. She paused here and looked up curiously. The walk was steep but pleasant, and the "hill-road" wound circuitously down on the other side of the pastures, and, by gradual descents, reached the town.

The whole distance was not more than two miles, and had its own attractions for the whole way.

After debating the matter with herself at the corner of the lane a few moments, the girl turned about and came up the hill. Jacqueline watched as the former drew near. She was dressed very simply, but such a pretty flushed face as looked out from the jaunty brown hat!

It struck Jacqueline at once that this must be the very girl—"pretty enough for one of Shakespeare's English lasses"—whom her uncle had come across the other day.

The girl had some errand with him doubtless. Perhaps Jacqueline could serve as well as the squire. She rose up and went toward the bars.

The pretty face flushed with surprise as she saw the lady standing there, but Jacqueline smiled, and said, in her own way: "I've been watching you for some time. I saw you go up to the house just now and come away a little later. I fancied you wished to see my uncle, Squire Thayne."

"Yes, I did," said the girl, and there was a little flutter of embarrassment in her voice.

"He has gone away, and will not return until late this evening. I am sorry."

"Thank you. It's no great matter," answered the girl.

"Well, then, perhaps I can serve in his place. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The girl drew her breath. The swift color came into her face, and for a moment the sweet blue eyes had the scared look of a little child. Then she turned and looked at the lady with a doubtful, inquisitive glance, which also had something childish in it, and as she gazed, the fright went out of her eyes.

"It was something he said to me that day I had the ride. I've been thinking ever since, perhaps he ought to know, only I hadn't quite the courage to tell him."

Her voice sank and hurried across the words as though she were half afraid of it herself.

It was evident the girl had something upon her mind which it would relieve her to unburden. She was such a pretty, innocent thing that Jacqueline's interest was warmly aroused; yet she did not like to press anybody's confidence.

"Suppose we go and sit under the cherry tree a few minutes," she said at last. "It's a pleasanter place than this for a talk, and really I want to get a little better acquainted with you—I have, indeed, ever since my uncle took that ride with you."

"Did he tell you?" asked the girl, surprised and pleased enough, and she followed the lady. "Oh, yes; he always tells me everything."

The two sat down under the cherry-tree, and Jacqueline talked on awhile about the scenery and the weather in a way most likely to set her companion at ease. The former had a singular personal magnetism which operated strongly on those brought within the sphere of its influence.

The shyness which hung about the girl's face and manner disappeared slowly, and a pleased confidence took its place.

At last there came a silence between the two, and when Jacqueline next met the girl's eyes, something in them told her it was time now to speak.

"I see you have something to tell me, and that you will not go away quite at ease unless it is said. Now, if I can help you—if for any reason you think it best—try me."

The girl drew a long, long breath. Flushes and shadows of thought came and went on the pretty face. She drew nearer Jacqueline. "It's a secret," she said. "It's about the superintendent and another man."

"Mr. Draper, you mean?"

"Yes! he has been such a kind friend to me—kinder than anybody would believe."

"He has been a very kind friend to me also," said Jacqueline.

"Then it will be easier to tell you," looking pleased. "I could only tell it to his friend, and I knew your uncle was that when he talked of him."

"You are quite right there."

"But it seems to me he has some great enemies, and that I know who they are. I can't help him, you see, but your uncle might."

"If any man could, I am sure it would be my uncle."

By this time Ruth Benson was pretty much at her ease, and afterward she had the talking to herself. She commenced with her acquaintance "with that wicked Reynolds," as she called

him, and then she related her interview with the superintendent in the factory road.

She told it just as it happened, repeating the young man's very words, although she grew greatly agitated as she went over the exciting scene, and the sobs strained her voice, as the tears did her eyes.

Jacqueline, too, must have been more or less overcome, for she put up her hand to her face and listened without a word.

Ruth Benson went on: After the interview with Philip Draper, she affirmed that she had carefully avoided Reynolds, although the man had been very persistent in his attentions and invitations, and annoyed and sometimes alarmed the factory girl.

At last, wearied out by her continual coldness, the man had ceased to trouble her, and for some time she had not met him.

One day, about a month ago, she had come upon him suddenly. It was in the evening, just after dark, and Ruth was hurrying home from a call on one of her factory friends.

She came upon the wool-sorter almost precisely on the spot in Factory Road where she had had her interview with Philip Draper.

She recognized him at once, and was hurrying past, when he planted himself directly in her way, and with a loud laugh and a volley of oaths burst out: "Ah, my pretty bird, you've been playing a nice game of hide and seek with me, of late, but I've got hold of you now." And he put his arm around her, and his breath, hot with whiskey, came up in her face. The poor girl, half dead with terror, tried to wrench herself out of the ruffian's grasp. He was "dreadfully drunk," she said.

He held her fast, talking all the time, and interlarding his speech with frightful oaths. It was strange how, in the frozen terror of that time, Reynolds's talk had entered into Ruth's brain and remained there. He cursed her and he cursed Philip Draper, and called Ruth names which made her blood curdle with horror.

Then the man burst out into a ferocious laugh, and declared that miserable hypocrite would find himself laid flat in the game he was playing, for young Weymouth knew all about it, and had an old grudge of his own to settle. Reynolds was sure of his man there, for he had told his own story, and the young fellow had swallowed it all like a lump of sugar. There'll be hot work at the factories before long—she'd see that; and see, too, what that young scoundrel who kept the books got by fishing in another man's river.

Suddenly voices came down the road. At

the sound, Ruth Benson, in a sudden access of strength, wrenched herself out of the drunkard's grasp.

A few minutes later she reached her home, and was sick all the next day from the fright she had undergone, but she never breathed it to a human soul; and from that day to this Ruth Benson had not exchanged a word with Reynolds, avoiding him as she would the plague.

This was the story which Ruth Benson told to Jacqueline Thayne, in the old pasture, under the cherry-tree, that afternoon. It was impossible not to believe every word that the girl said. Indeed, looking on her face, it never once entered Jacqueline's thought to doubt it.

"I knew your uncle was a good man and a wise one," continued the girl. "After that man had called me those terrible names I could not go to Mr. Draper—" Her face flushed and her voice broke right down here.

"I see, dear, I see," said Jacqueline, and she laid her hand softly on Ruth Benson's.

"Yet it seemed to me somebody ought to know. I've laid awake a good many nights, thinking it over, and when the riot came, I was sure that Reynolds had done all he could to bring it on. He would do anything to harm our superintendent."

"He must be a monster. I can't understand, though, how he can have any influence over Mr. Weymouth," continued Jacqueline, half to herself.

"He seemed very sure of it, though, that time," answered the factory girl.

"But he was drunk, you remember, and probably did not know what he was saying," continued the lady.

"Ye-es, ma'am, I know," speaking in a slow, doubtful way. "But there are two parties at the factories, and nobody who likes Mr. Weymouth is a friend of Mr. Draper's."

Jacqueline was silent a little while. At last she spoke: "You said the truth; my uncle is a wise and a good man. You have done just right in coming to him. I shall tell him all you have said, and he will wonder, as I do, that you have acted so wisely and nobly as you have done in all this matter."

Jacqueline was amply repaid for the last clause by the look on the factory girl's face.

There was some more talk between the two so singularly brought into each other's confidence, and then the afternoon was almost gone, and Ruth Benson went away, carrying a light heart, and sure that she had found a new friend in the lady she had left sitting alone in the pas-

ture, with her sweet, thoughtful face looking toward the sunset, while flecks of wind seemed to come together and beat softly in the old cherry-tree over her head.

Jacqueline sat there a long time, thinking over what she had heard, and it seemed to her that this Philip Draper came out to her all the time with some new strength and nobleness, something to which her inmost soul must ever do honor; while some shadow dropped over Sydney Weymouth, and he shrivelled away and was not the old friend of her girlhood—the friend she had trusted and loved.

But the thought gave her a great pang, and she tried to put it away, chiding herself for being just like a woman, always jumping at swift conclusions.

Uncle Alger would return that night and the whole thing would be laid open in the light of his clear, calm judgment.

At last, when the splendor of the sunset was passed, and the dews began to fall, Jacqueline rose up and went home.

A telegram met her there from her uncle. He had been detained and would not be home until the next day.

She passed the evening by herself, trying first one volume and then another; but each failed to interest her, and at last she fell back on the newspapers, but these proved also a futile resource—that story of the factory girl's still keeping itself uppermost in her mind.

She pondered it a long time before she went up stairs, where the very last thing she did was to look out on the night. Overhead, the sky was in its fullest splendor of stars. There they waited, and shone, and watched for the coming of the morning. Over that divine glory of the night it did not seem that a cloud could ever gather. Over the face, too, of the watching girl, uplifted to them, the stars saw gathering a solemn joy.

"What a good world it was to live in!" was Jacqueline's last thoughts as she closed the blinds.

CHAPTER XXII.

The next morning, when Jacqueline Thayne awoke, something seemed struggling against the windows. She started up and listened. It was raining furiously. Among the trees the winds drove and tore with loud cries. The autumn gales had come at last, coming up suddenly and bursting in conquering wrath upon all the splendor of the days and nights. To think of those stars under which she had sank to rest, and of the tempest in which she had waked!

Yet Jacqueline did not dislike such days. She enjoyed the wild, awful strength of the winds. Her soul seemed to mount exultantly on the mighty wings of the tempest. She seemed conscious of some new, half-savage strength in herself, which claimed immortal affinities with the spirit of the storm. This half-involuntarily disclosed itself in her reply to Deborah, when her young mistress went down to breakfast that morning, and the old serving woman's salutation was—"Oh, Miss Jackey, we've got an awful storm!"

"I suppose it is, Deborah; but, after all, it's magnificent."

All that day the storm strengthened. The flood-gates seemed opened. Vast sheets of water broke all day against the windows. Overhead the masses of cloud swelled heavier and darker. The winds raged and trumpeted through all. Blue River rose higher and higher, and would soon be over the banks. Deborah went with her scared face from one window to another, saying to herself, or to Jacqueline, if the latter happened to be within hearing—"If this goes on there long there'll be trouble to pay."

Jacqueline was not naturally timid, and she had felt all day in the library before the fire very much as she fancied some bird might seem in its warm, soft nest, while the storm rocked and raged among the branches. Still, as the night gathered, she began to fear, in a vague way, that if the storm continued long at this rate there would be the usual story of freshets, barns flooded, and bridges swept away.

It was growing dark when a carriage dashed up to the front door, and there was plenty of noise in the front hall.

Jacqueline rushed out to hear Squire Thayne's voice. "Why, Uncle Alger, is that really you—in this terrible storm, too?"

"Yes, it's I, of a dead certainty, but wet as a colony of drowned rats. There, don't come near me, child, until I've got off some of these soaked wrappings—whew! not a dry thread on me."

The two women bestirred themselves. Jacqueline coaxed the fire into a fresh blaze, thinking how pleasant it was to hear her uncle's voice again, and what an evening they were going to have together, while Deborah brought a steaming cup of coffee and made the squire drink it before she would let him off to his room. The old woman was an autocrat in her line. In a little while the squire entered the library, having exchanged his dripping garments for dry ones.

"Ah, my darling," he exclaimed, on catching sight of the blaze and the lady who sat by it, "I honestly believe this is the best place this side of Heaven."

Jacqueline came to meet him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again with more than his usual fondness. "I've missed you immensely all day, with only the storm out there to talk to me. But I never once dared to hope you would come home to-night. What brought you?"

"I don't know, unless it was a great longing to see my little girl. Some how that got hold of me and wouldn't let me stay. Nothing has happened to you, my dove?"

"Oh, no, nothing in the world."

Then Squire Thayne went on to talk about the storm which he had faced for twenty miles. He had never encountered such a one. The furies were all abroad, he averred. The hills sheltered Hedgerows somewhat from the worst of the tempest, but on the wide lowlands it was just awful. The river was rising at an unheard of rate; indeed, the squire had to take to the hill road, for the lower one was overflowed. There had been a long drought, and now all the mountain streams were rising at an awful rate, and there would be terrible mischief to the mills and the river farms if the storm did not speedily abate.

Squire Thayne looked sober as he talked. Jacqueline had not suspected the peril was so imminent, and felt anxious for a few minutes; but she was so thoroughly content, now her uncle had come back, that she nearly forgot all about the storm.

They had the cosiest of suppers together, in the course of which the squire declared himself alarmed lest he should never reach the limit of his capacity for Deborah's fresh biscuit, supplemented with various other dainties, and then they returned to the library, and Jacqueline said, "There will be no mail up to-night in this storm."

"No," replied the squire, "I can dispense with my newspaper every night."

Perhaps some unusual tenderness or solicitude in his manner toward her to-night struck Jacqueline. At any rate, she turned suddenly and looked at her uncle a moment, and put her fingers in his beard and pulled it a little, just as she used to do, when there was not a solitary white flake in the brown mass, and then she asked, "Was I really worth so much, after all?"

"Worth how much?"

"Why, that you should have taken such a

ride through all these roaring winds and drenching rains to pass the evening with me."

He put his arms right around her. He drew her close to him. "Oh, yes, my darling," he said, in a tone that left no doubt of his feeling, "thank God, you are worth just so much." Afterward, they drew up to the fire and Squire Thayne told his niece how, in the forenoon of that day, an unaccountable desire and yearning after her had taken possession of him. He had, immediately after breakfast, made up his mind that he should not start for home until the storm abated; but this feeling overcame his hesitation and he gave orders to harness up at once.

"It was a little curious feeling, uncle, and I so safe and snug here in the library all day," she said, when he paused.

"I can't account for it, precisely," said her uncle; "but then there are a good many things one cannot account for—better not even try to."

He was silent awhile and so was she, and the storm grew fiercer without, and at last the squire turned to his niece, saying very earnestly, "Jacqueline, do you ever think that sometime one of us must die and leave the other?"

"Oh, Uncle Alger!" she started and winced, and the light went out of her face; "don't talk of that."

"Oh, but, my dear, we must think of some times. You may go first, with all the youth on your side; there's no telling. I'm hale and hearty, and there's no signs of breaking up about me that I can perceive; still, I'm slipping smoothly down the current of my sixties."

"Uncle Alger," exclaimed Jacqueline with a good deal of impatience, "what is the use of holding up your years like spectres before me? You are just like a young man; you seem just like one to me, and I wish you would not take pains to remind me of the precise number of years you have been in the world."

The man laughed amusedly. "Is my age such a terrible bugbear to you?" he said; and he continued: "But it's a cowardly way to live, after all, isn't it? with this 'hide-bound' love of life, as that grand Macdonald calls it. As though we should go away from God because we are going out of this one world of His!"

"I know it's all true what you say," replied the girl, "but, after all, it's such a dreadful leap, and there's the dreadful darkness and silence, and here's the warmth, and light, and love."

"I know all that side, dear, and what's better, God knows it, too;" and after that he

went on to talk of death so simply, so beautifully—for all the world—for himself—for her—that Jacqueline listened a long time without any vague feeling of dread, even when he came to speak, as he did, of several little matters he should like to have adjusted in case he went first.

After her uncle had talked thus a long time—Jacqueline never knew how long, although afterward she tried many times to remember—the girl started of a sudden out of the mild, softened mood which the conversation had brought with it.

"Uncle Alger," she said, "what makes us talk in this way? You don't really think you or I are going to die soon, do you?"

"Oh, no; but then we must, some time; and, after all, what does 'soon' mean?"

"I couldn't live without you, and shouldn't want to," she said, with her native impetuosity, and she put her head down on his knee.

His hand fell into the shining curls of her hair. "Whenever God wants us, He can find a way to keep us," said Algernon Thayne.

There was no more said, at least that Jacqueline can remember, and circumstances happened afterward to impress every syllable of this evening's talk on her memory.

The talk with Ruth Benson, the day before, probably flashed suddenly across her, and dissipated everything else, for, on the instant, she lifted her head, and said, "Oh, uncle! to think you've been home all this time, and I haven't told you yet."

"Told me what?"

"Why, about what happened yesterday, and my interview with the pretty little factory girl, whom you took to ride."

Squire Thayne aroused himself now, with an air of great attention. Jacqueline's story was hardly interrupted by a remark or question on his part; but when she concluded, he knew all she had learned the day before, sitting in the sunshine, under the cherry-tree, in the old pasture lot.

He was still awhile, putting all the facts that he knew together, settling all in their places, and seeing how each threw light on the other. The factory girl's story made evident enough the fact which the squire had long ago vaguely suspected: the personal enmity of young Weymouth toward his father's superintendent, and the squire had no doubt of the secret cause of this feeling.

Into his musings Jacqueline's voice came abruptly: "Uncle Alger, what do you think of all this?"

"I cannot tell you in a few words; only I believe that miserable villain, Reynolds, told the truth for once in his life—told it drunk, as he certainly would not if he had been sober."

Jacqueline looked troubled enough.

"But there was Sydney Weymouth. That part of the story could have had no better foundation than the whiskey and the malice in the brain of that wretch."

Her uncle did not say one word.

"Uncle Alger," said Jacqueline, almost angrily, "why do you keep silent?"

"Because I had rather you would excuse me, now, from saying one word on that topic."

When he spoke in that tone, his niece knew him too well to press the matter farther.

She sat still a good while, with a puzzled, troubled face, which her uncle did not like to see.

He spoke at last: "I wish you had asked me, instead, what I think of Philip Draper's conduct toward that poor, little, helpless, factory girl, and how many men there are in the world who, under the same circumstances, would have acted as he did?"

Her face brightened. It was a noble action. "Ah, uncle, it touched me to the quick."

"It was like him, after all. There is nothing true, or worthy, or noble, which one who comes to know Philip Draper thoroughly, may not expect of him."

This was very high praise. Jacqueline was not prepared for it; her uncle, for obvious reasons, having always been a little reticent of his real estimation of the superintendent.

"I did not know, that much as I knew you liked him, Philip Draper stood so high as this in your favor."

"No; I left my little girl to find out the man for herself. I have not usually found her perceptions slow."

"But you think I have been this time, I see. After he had saved my life, too," speaking half remorsefully.

"Child, do have done with that everlasting notion of gratitude. A man might have done all that, and not be in any wise Philip Draper."

The talk was getting on dangerous ground. The squire realized it, but he would not draw back now, so he continued before Jacqueline had time to reply:

"Perhaps I should not to-night have expressed my sentiments so warmly, if I had not felt that the conspiracy, or whatever one may call it—the bad feeling, in high and low places, against Philip Draper—had succeeded."

"What do you mean?" said Jacqueline, eagerly.

"I mean that he will soon be rid of Hedgerows."

The girl's look of consternation encouraged her uncle to proceed, and he related the entire conversation which had transpired betwixt him and Philip Draper in their last ride together.

Jacqueline listened with a white horror to the account of the deadly struggle on the bank of the river, between Philip Draper and Reynolds, but when it came to the superintendent's fixed resolution to leave Hedgerows, Jacqueline burst in with—"Uncle, you must not let him go. It is cruel—it is outrageous. I know you have great influence with him;" her emotion shaking out her half-coherent sentences.

"It is useless to attempt to move him. I find his resolution is fixed. In his case I should probably do precisely as he is doing, yet I wish they had left my young friend to me," added the squire.

"Uncle," said Jacqueline, impetuously, "I must speak whether you allow me or not. I see you have a conviction that Sydney Weymouth has done some wrong to Philip Draper. Now what possible reason have you for supposing this. I beseech you to tell me."

Thus abjured, her uncle could not choose but answer. "Jacqueline," he said, significantly, "it takes a very generous man to forgive the one whom he regards as his rival."

"His rival! Philip Draper Sydney Weymouth's rival," murmured Jacqueline, and then she started suddenly, as an idea struck her, and stared up in her uncle's face. Her eyes were wide, her cheeks flushed. At that moment the winds, like a sudden tempest of artillery, shook the house to its foundation. While they had been talking the storm had been growing in strength, the rains sweeping down in drowning masses.

Jacqueline drew closer to her uncle and shivered with something like fear. "What a terrible storm it is," she said.

"Terrible, indeed. To-morrow will bring an awful chapter of disasters. And these have gone on while we have been sitting snugly unconscious by the fire. And do you see it is past midnight. How troubled and tired you look, my child. You must go right to bed. Think of nothing in the world but that God is in the storm and that you have only to go to sleep." He would not allow her time for another word. It was a long while though before, excited and troubled, she fell asleep. She lay awake listening to the awful battle of the

storm, and thinking of what her uncle had said. Was it true? Did Sydney Weymouth really believe that Philip Draper was his rival in her regards? and because of this was he trying to take subtle vengeance on the superintendent?

It all seemed too absurd—too dreadful to be true. Yet her uncle evidently believed it, and he was a man not likely to be mistaken.

What an awful mistake, too, Sydney Weymouth had made if he fancied the superintendent cared for her. There, in the dim light of the taper, her face smothered away in the pillows, the beats came and went in her cheeks with the rush of her rapid thoughts.

The storm raged outside, but she forgot all about it, and at last sleep came down and folded her away in its cloud and softness.

(To be continued.)

WASHED ASHORE.

BY LIZZIE CLARK.

I.

Washed ashore by the rippling tide,
Somebody's darling, somebody's pride,
Lift him up tenderly, bear him away,
Out of the dash of the foaming white spray.
Close the cold eyelashes, fold the cold hands,
Wipe from the still face the sea-weed and sands,
Brush the bright ringlets away from his brow,
Somebody's darling sleeps quietly now.

II.

Somebody's darling, with golden brown hair,
Each shining cluster was somebody's pride,
Somebody's hand rested lovingly there,
Somebody wept when he went from their side.
Somebody's head nestled close to his breast,
Some one was clasped in a loving embrace,
Somebody's lips to his own have been pressed,
Somebody's kisses lay sweet on his face.

III.

Somebody brushed the bright rings from his brow,
Somebody murmured a prayer soft and low,
Somebody watches and waits for him now,
Somebody loved him so fondly you know.
Somebody loved him, but God knoweth best,
Who are the loving ones?—where they may be,
Little they dream that he lieth at rest
Washed upon shore by the dash of the sea.

IV.

Sever one ringlet for somebody's sake,
Press one warm kiss on the fair youthful brow,
Somebody's heart would be ready to break
Could they but see him as you see him now.
Tearfully, tenderly, make him a grave,
Just out of reach of the dash of the wave,
Only these words let his epitaph be,
Somebody's darling washed up from the sea.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN GIVE ALL THEIR TIME TO HOUSEKEEPING.

NOW comes the consideration of the most difficult subject which I have yet had to deal with. This matter is so bounded by traditional customs and prejudices, that one knows scarcely how to give it unbiased thought, and scarcely dares to express the result of that thought.

The writer of this has studied long and earnestly upon the subject, and has frequently found herself involved in a maze of difficulties, no matter whether considering the question *pro or con*. Even now she must preface her article by the declaration that she does not see her way clearly through it. She must, as it were, feel her way blindly through a labyrinth of doubts and difficulties, following, as her only certain clew, the belief that God created us all purposely exactly as we are, and that whatever talents He has given us, we are accountable to Him for their use or abuse.

The family is the institution of nature and of revelation. This family consists necessarily of husband and wife, and eventually of children. In this family it is the portion of the husband to work—"Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow"—and of the woman to become the mother of children. In the earliest days, when this decree was made, there was not included in the housekeeping and family raising any complicated housekeeping matters. The making, mending, washing, scrubbing, baking, sweeping, and all the multitudinous cares of a modern home have come by degrees, and have accumulated as the world has become more civilized. Thus the mistress of a family finds her duties multiplied ten-fold. She must be cook, laundress, chambermaid, seamstress, nurse, and general housekeeper—doing all those things in her own proper person, or by deputy, with all the responsibility resting upon her. This arrangement was made thousands of years ago, and though a somewhat arbitrary one, it is still accepted on all hands as the very best that can be made, and the world has actually come to believe the arrangement to be of the same divine institution as that of marriage.

A very large number of people believe that there is in the marriage service an implied promise, on the part of the wife, to cook her husband's dinner, and sew on his buttons, and that if she fails to do these properly, she is untrue to her marriage vows.

I find no fault with this arrangement. I can

suggest nothing better in its general working. I am only, with many others, looking anxiously and wearily forward to the time when still further advanced civilization shall somewhat lighten these burdens upon women's shoulders. Meantime, the right positions of the sexes are those of provider and dispenser—homemaker and homekeeper.

With this arrangement, it follows that every husband owes his wife a living—as good a living and as tender care as his means will justify. The wife owes the husband nothing but the care of his family. A man must ever be a debtor to the mother of his children—never a creditor in a pecuniary point. If a woman chooses, by her labor and industry, to add to the common stock, that is a matter for personal consideration, but something which the law should never meddle with.

First, then, let us stick a pin here. The wife owes to her husband the care of her family, and as an advanced civilization includes in this the cares of housekeeping, we must declare as our first deliberate answer to the question—all married women should be practical housekeepers.

But there are exceptions to all cases and to all rules. First, there are many wives whose husbands cannot, or will not, fulfil their marital obligations. Ill-health may prevent—evil habits may indispose them to do so. Then the woman must take upon herself the man's burden in addition to her own.

But are women in no other cases justified in stepping out of their home spheres?

Suppose one young girl, whom we introduced to the reader early in these essays, has found herself unfitted for sewing and teaching, and has strong antipathies to being a servant. She may some day marry, either because she wishes to secure an easy and assured living for herself, or from that absurd and old fashioned notion that she really loves somebody sufficiently well to unite her destiny with his (that is the poetical way of saying it; there is no question of buttons, frying-pans and wash-tubs in the days of courting, and it is barely possible that they have not entered the thoughts of either). But after the honeymoon she awakes to the fact that she is expected to do all, and more than the duties of a hired servant, and any hesitation or reluctance on her part in accepting her vocation is regarded as highly improper. She may in her single days have learned a trade or profession, and, while not wishing to forego the happiness of married life, may still regard with regret the thought of laying that trade or pro-

fession aside. What must she do? I for one see no reason why she should not carry on any business of her own independent of her household cares if it pleases her. If she has learned a trade which suits her tastes and capabilities, and which proves profitable, why should she not continue it, and with the proceeds of her labor hire the help she needs at home? Will her home be less happy? Will her husband be defrauded by this arrangement? Does it matter, if there be care, and loving kindness and watchfulness, and consideration, and comfort, and pleasant words and bright smiles, and a happy gathering of the family at evening around a cheerful fireside in an attractive room, whose hands and whose strength have attended to and provided for material wants, so that these wants are properly attended to? If so, how many culpable women there are who pass their responsibilities to servants that they themselves may enjoy an elegant leisure. But if the husbands of these women can afford them this leisure, it is not for me to cavil at it; and if other women can provide themselves this leisure, to be employed usefully and profitably, I see no just reason why any one should object.

I am violating none of my duties as wife and mother when I leave Bridget at home doing the family washing, Mary to cook the family dinner, and Kate to make the beds and look after the family mending, while I take a pleasure excursion, or go out shopping, or sit comfortably in my parlor, entertaining callers, or glancing through the last new novel. Are the facts of the case altered if I go to my own office instead of my neighbor's store, or if I retire to a sanctum fitted up beneath my own roof, which is designated library, studio, or shop, according to the use I put it to?

But we have been told, and we will be told over and over again, a woman cannot do this without neglecting her children—that, in fact, the whole thing is impossible to a woman with a family of small children.

The thing is not impossible, because it has been done over and over again, when necessity compelled it. And the woman who is freed from the constant and wearing care and presence of her children during a few hours of the day, is far better fitted to be their companion, guide and instructor during the remaining hours. She does not become so utterly exhausted; she does not become fretted, and nervous, and irritable; she will not be half so liable to scold them and punish them unjustly. Her temper is not so easily ruffled, her patience, from not being overtasked, holds out the better,

and her judgment is more clear-seeing and just. It will be found in the end a gain for both mother and children.

We have just referred to cases where a woman's tastes and inclinations lead her to engage in other than domestic pursuits. There are other cases where it seems a woman's duty to do this. There are women of rare business talents, women of genius, women of uncommon literary endowments, whom to confine to the narrow limits of the kitchen, nursery and parlor, would be a positive loss to the world. Imagine Mrs. Stowe being forbidden to write in her early married days, because in so doing she stole time which belonged to her family—time in which she ought to have been rocking the cradle or making her husband's shirts! Think of Mrs. Lily Martin Spencer being desired by her husband and a carping public to close her studio and lay aside her brushes for good and all, because she has a home and children who claim her undivided care! Consider the reasonableness of expecting our scores of successful lady physicians, who are in the receipt of liberal incomes derived from their practice, to take down their signs and devote their whole minds and intellects to the compounding of puddings and the proper dusting of furniture!

We are told of the late Mrs. Emma Willard—who all will admit was a noble and representative woman—that "once a week, usually just before tea on Saturday, she visited every part of her house, looked into closets, cupboards and drawers, inspected linen and silver, and demonstrated her claim to the title of a good housekeeper." Surely every woman, no matter what her outside occupation, could spare time to give that much attention to her house.

I wish it were possible to convince women more generally that it would be an advantage to delegate the minutiae of housekeeping into other hands, and give a portion of their time and thoughts to other matters. A woman is not necessarily neglectful of home duties, even though she does not perform all the trifling details herself; and there is really no greater impropriety in sending her washing and ironing away from home to be done, or entrusting the sweeping, dusting and cooking to other hands, than there is in buying bread at the baker's, getting her butter in market ready churned and printed, putting out the family sewing, or sending her children to school to be educated. And if doing these things, or rather not doing them, leaves her at leisure to pursue more congenial employment, to widen her mental horizon, add to her stock of knowledge and experience,

and perhaps at the same time add to the finances of the family, who shall say it is wrong?

There is nothing in itself noble or elevating in the drudgery of the kitchen; there is nothing improving to the morals or strengthening to the affections in a basket of mending; and I for one would rather earn a pair of stockings than darn a pair—I think I could do it quicker and easier. A woman whose only and constant companions are young children, whose unremitting employment is to provide for their wants, will, in course of time, become incapacitated to be the companion of an intelligent man, and as her children grow up they too will outgrow her. Her range of vision, bounded by the walls of her own home, unknowing or forgetful of interests outside domestic ones, she naturally becomes narrow and selfish in her views of life, unfit to be the adviser of her husband and the educator of her children.

It is so comparatively new a thing for married women to seek occupation away from their domestic hearths, that it is difficult yet to tell the result. But I venture to predict that, upon investigation, their homes will be found as happy and as well ordered, while their sons and daughters will compare favorably with those of other mothers.

A wife's duties may end in the faithful performance of domestic affairs, but there her privileges begin. Supposing that she has no business or profession of her own to take up her spare moments, her greatest pleasure should be to acquaint herself with all the particulars of her husband's occupation, and prepare herself to render him any assistance he may need. If

he is a business man, she is the most faithful and trustworthy confidential clerk he can have.

If he be a literary man, a woman of ordinary intelligence can soon learn to sit gracefully in the editorial chair, and use pen and scissors as readily as he. If he is a farmer, of all the ramifications of his business, there are none beyond her comprehension, and a great deal of it is of such a nature as to afford her the greatest pleasure. Though she cannot hold the plough, or swing the scythe, she can learn enough of these matters to take up the reins of government when sickness or death causes her husband to lay them down, and intelligently guide and direct others.

A few years ago the papers were full of the heroism of a captain's wife, who, on the occasion of the sickness of her husband at sea, took his place and brought the vessel safely to port.

There is no pleasanter sight than to see a husband and wife working in unison—his profession her profession, his interests her interests. It is a partnership in which neither need have fears concerning the honor or honesty of the other. I wish women could be convinced of this, and, while still exercising a supervision over all their home affairs, delegate the drudgery to less intellectual but stronger and quite as capable parties, give more time and attention to their husbands and their interests, and, by their wisdom and faithfulness, and the exercise of that Heaven-bestowed feminine intuition which is their peculiar gift, prove that, in all cases, the wisest, kindest, most devoted aid, counselor, and friend a man can have is his wife.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

EIGHTH PAPER.

IN this, the last paper of the present series of articles, it is proposed to collate a few interesting and curious facts with regard to insects in the perfect and final stage of their existence. It cannot, of course, be expected that this collation will present more than the barest and briefest outline of a few of the marvels which cluster around a subject so wide in extent and so varied in character.

Who, says Figuiet—speaking of the butterflies in their perfect form—is not filled with admiration at the wonderful brilliance, the sprightliness, the rich variety of hues of

these resplendent inhabitants of the air? Some amateurs have spent large sums of money in the purchase of certain butterflies. Diamonds—says Réaumur—possess beauties no more real it may be, than those of the wings of a butterfly; and these after all are but seeming dust. For the brilliant colors which adorn a butterfly's wings are composed of innumerable fine scales which adhere to the fingers when we seize one of these beautiful creatures, in the shape of an almost impalpable powder or dust.

For a long time—continues Figuiet—this dust was thought to be composed of very mi-

nute feathers. Réaumur, however, showed that it was made up of fine scales, disposed over the delicate membrane of the insects wings, just like the scales on a fish. Their shape varies considerably. They are composed of three membranes or plates laid one upon the other. The first of these is covered with very minute rounded grains, which give to the scales their brilliant and varied hues. The second plate is covered with silk, sometimes very curiously figured. The third, or undermost plate, has the peculiar property of reflecting the brightest and most varied colors, though the surface of the scales visible to the eye is often dull and colorless.

If a painter, says Bernard Deschamps—a naturalist who has made the wings of butterflies a special study—were possessed of colors rich enough to represent on canvas, with all their brilliancy, gold, silver, the opal, the ruby, the sapphire, the emerald, and the other gems produced by the Orient, and with these colors were to form all the tints to be produced by their combination, it could yet be affirmed, without the chance of contradiction, that he would have no color or shade of color which could not be discovered by the microscope on a part of the scales of a butterfly's wing, which nature has been pleased to conceal from our gaze.

The membranous frame which supports the colored scales of butterflies and moths is well worth a moment's consideration. It consists of two membranes closely united by their inner surfaces, and divided into many distinct parts by hollow, horny threads, or nervures, more or less branched. Each one of these nervures contains an air-tube, which originates in the windpipe, and which being filled with air serves to render the insect more buoyant. A similar mechanism is well known to exist in birds.

The butterfly can fly for a long time, but not regularly, nor in a straight line. When the insect has to go some distance, it moves by an "infinity of zig-zags, going up and down, and from right to left." This irregularity saves the little insect from falling a prey to birds. "I was pleased," says Réaumur, "to see, one day, a sparrow chase a butterfly in the air for nearly ten minutes without being able to catch it. The flight of the bird was yet much more rapid than that of the butterfly; but the latter was always higher or lower than the place to which the bird flew, and where it thought it would catch the butterfly."

One of the most remarkable facts in regard to the perfect insect, is the expansion of its body and wings on its emerging from the pupa case.

A very striking example of this occurs in the transformation of the ant-lion. When it is about to change into a pupa it forms a cocoon of sand, lined with a beautiful tapestry of silk, the whole being less than half an inch in diameter, the pupa, itself, when rolled up, filling only about half the space, emerging in due season from this cocoon; the insect has but to expand its body and wings to complete its transformation; and here we have a marvelous exhibition. Though on its emergence not more than half an inch in length, in an instant it stretches out to an inch and a quarter, while its wings, which did not exceed the sixth of an inch, acquire an immediate expansion of nearly three inches!

It is very seldom that we can surprise insects at the precise moment of their final transformation. The following detailed account of the process, as exemplified in the silkworm, has been gathered from Malpighi, the celebrated Italian anatomist, and from the Swedish naturalist, Swammerdam:

Within four days of its final change, says Malpighi, the heart (dorsal vessel) of the silkworm continues moving slowly, and the body growing bigger; having thrown off the outward skin like a slough, the pupa appears a new creature. The throwing off the old and assuming this new form, is completed in the space of one minute and ten seconds; and it is thus done, as I chanced to see it. The motion of the heart (dorsal vessel) is very quick at first, and the whole frame of the body appears convulsed; so that the several circular folds of the segments emerge, and by the transverse contraction of the sides, the external skin is separated from the inner; hence, upon making an effort, and thrusting the body, which now appears particularly thick towards the head, the skin is driven backward and downward; and the portions of the windpipe being separated from their external proper orifices, are thrown away with the skin which is then cast off. By this motion, a cleft or opening is made in the back near the head, and through the aperture the body makes its way, the skin being by degrees drawn back toward the tail. This process is assisted greatly by a yellow kind of ichor which exudes from the cavities of the skull; and the pupa appears then free and disengaged.

While the insect is making its passage out, the antennæ are separated from the body of the pupa, and are torn, as it were, out of two cavities of the skull; and their length, as they become unfolded, occupies the same place which the two muscles of the mandibles formerly oc-

cupied. The wings, also, and the legs appear to be circumscribed in their limits; the wings being drawn from their situation near the fore-legs, and the legs from the lateral parts of the back. But as these unfolded parts are yet mucous, they easily stick to each other, and, insensibly growing dry, they become so closely united that the pupa appears like one entire garment. Now as these parts are peculiar to the moths, and are destined for their use, the nature of the moths seems to be to emerge sooner from the state of the caterpillar than is commonly believed, and also to be earlier implanted in it; for evidently, in the silk-worm, the beginnings of the wings may be seen under the second and third ring of the body, before the texture of the web. The antennæ are likewise delineated on the skull, and the web being finished, they have their own termination; nor will it be improper to suppose that the new kind of life in the pupa is only a mask or veil of the moth, which is already perfect within, the intent of which is, that it should not be struck or destroyed by external injuries, but might grow strong and ripen.

While the little creature remains in this condition, there is produced, as Swammerdam tells us, a violent agitation in its fluids, so that they are driven from the internal vessels through the tubes in the wings, which are likewise supplied with air from the windpipe. The insect, besides, labors violently with its legs, and all these motions concurring with the growth of the wings, it is impossible that the tender skin which covers it should not at length give way, which it does by bursting in four distinct and regular pieces. When the legs become disengaged they much assist in freeing the body and other parts that are yet bound up; at the same time, the skin on the back flies open and uncovers the wings and shoulders. The insect, after this, remains for some time in a state of rest, with its wings drooping down like wet paper, and its legs fixed in the skin which it has just cast off, together with the lining of the windpipe and breathing spiracles. This latter circumstance enables the insect to take more air into its body, and thereby renders it the better able to fly, and perform the other functions dependant on a good supply of air. In consequence of this the wings expand so rapidly, that it is by no means easy to trace their unfolding; for in the space of a few minutes, they increase in dimensions about five-fold. Their spots and colors at the same time, previously so small as to be scarcely discernible, become proportionally extended, so that what but a few

minutes before appeared as a number of confused and indistinct points, acquires many varied beauties of color and form. From the wings extending themselves so suddenly, their soft, wrinkled appearance is, in less than half an hour, no longer visible, and the insect becomes fitted for flight.

All these changes, according to Swammerdam, are perfected by the force of the circulating fluids and the air, impelled by respiration, a fact of which later observers seem to have little doubt.

The fact of the expansion of the wings by the impulsion of air and fluids into their nervures, can be shown by the accidents to which chrysalides are sometimes subject. The thread by which a chrysalis is suspended may chance to snap asunder. When this happens, and the chrysalis is allowed to remain, it will not usually produce an insect complete in all its parts; for the side upon which it lies being pressed against an unyielding substance, instead of hanging lightly by a silken cord, is prevented from expanding freely, and when the insect emerges from the pupa case it is found to be deformed.

Our illustration this month represents the Tatou Wasp (*Tatou Morio*) and nest. This little insect is found most abundantly in Guiana. It is entirely black. It is the type of a genus remarkable for the fact of the head being larger than the thorax.

The nest of the Tatou Wasp is said to be one of the most astonishing marvels of insect architecture. In our engraving a very fine specimen is shown, with a portion of the outer wall torn down, to exhibit the interior of the structure. It is a little less than the natural size.

In beginning their nest, the Tatou Wasps make choice of a nearly vertical, almost twigless, branch of a tree. This branch becomes the axis and support of the nest. To it are fixed a number of platforms containing cells. In the nest we have figured, there were ten of these cell-platforms. But what is particularly remarkable about this insect structure, is the wall which surrounds and envelopes it. It is made of a ligneous paper, of wafer-like thinness, and the fibres of which are arranged with wonderful evenness and regularity. In shape it resembles a spindle. It is varied with longitudinal bands, alternately of a reddish brown and of a lighter hue, like that of the wood of the oak. At the bottom is a little circular opening, the sole mode of entrance and exit for the lively insects who have made this light and airy structure their home.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

OUR HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

[We make room for this interesting sketch in our Home Circle because it is so full of excellent suggestions to those of limited means concerning the furnishing and adornment of homes.

One word farther. The author speaks of her *passee-partout* frames costing her fifteen cents each. If she had made these frames herself she might have reduced their cost at least two-thirds. This is a small matter, to be sure, but when it is desirable to reach the minimum in expenditure, it is something to be considered. Take a piece of glass the required size, then cut out a piece of white paper in the shape of an oval, or any required form, for a "mat;" lay this next the glass. The inner edge of this mat may be bound with a narrow strip of gilt paper if desired, but it is not actually necessary. Or the mat may be omitted entirely if the picture (leaving a broad white margin) fits the glass. Then lay on the picture, and on the back of all lay a piece of paper or thin pasteboard the size of the glass. Rummage in your bundles and boxes for strips of old black silk or black cambric. Cut or tear these in strips an inch wide; cover over one side with paste, and fold them over down the middle. This is for the purpose of giving a smooth, true edge, without any unseemly jags or ravelings. Then paste these again and lay them over the edges of the glass, letting them cover the front about one-twelfth or one-sixteenth of an inch, bringing the surplus of the binding over to the back, and paste down securely. Cut a piece of tape, and paste on the top to hang up by, pasting the ends of the tape near the two sides and allowing barely enough looseness to receive a nail head. Let the *passee-partout* lay until it is perfectly dry, and it is ready to hang up. As large pictures can be framed this way as the pasted tape will hold. To have less strain upon the tape, a couple of small tacks may be nailed in the wall beneath the picture to support it.—ED. HOME CIRCLE.]

WE were teachers, Margaret and I, in the public schools of Chicago, and having age, experience and friends in our favor, felt tolerably secure in the places we had already held three years. I was an orphan and had been for ten years a teacher; Margaret, younger than I, had home and friends, but preferred independence. Thrown together by teaching in adjoining rooms, a friendship had sprung up between us, cemented the last year by boarding at the same place and rooming together.

We thought our home pleasant, but sighed sometimes over the expense. We had so little left when

we had paid dry-goods' and shoe and dress makers' bills, bought a few books, and paid for a magazine. Yet it was not economy so much as comfort that made us set up housekeeping. One may eat hash, sour bread, or poor coffee with composure in the sunshine; but when, one rainy Monday morning, we found all three at once on the table our spirits fell. As we walked through the rain to school, struggling under the weight of an umbrella the wind seemed determined to turn, we agreed that Mrs. Brown was getting careless. We must find a new boarding place, and that, to me, who had stayed two years at Mrs. Brown's, and hated changes, was a sorry prospect.

"It will be hard to find a place so near the school," Margaret said, "and so cheap. I wish—I know of course it is impossible—but I wish we could keep house."

"Why not?" The idea struck me forcibly and favorably. "Rent a room, get second-hand furniture—haven't I china and silver and bedding that mother left me, safe at sister's?—and we could live to suit ourselves."

Not to make a long story of it, we did it. We rented a room eight by eleven, took thirty-five dollars of our joint savings, and bought therewith bedstead, wash-stand, table with drawer, a tiny stool, and two chairs—all, of course, second-hand, but all nearly new. Matting for the floor completed our purchases. My sister, in forwarding the things for which I asked, sent us butter enough for the season, and my little niece added a handsome tidy.

"That makes three tidies that we have," Margaret said; "four pincushions, a bracket, and two hanging baskets. Really, this looks like living."

The room was just large enough to get all our things in and have standing place for us. One trunk, indeed, had to be put under the bed, and the other offered a convenient seat in case a friend happened in. But when we had put our basket in the window, that the good things it contained might make summer for us through the long winter, hung my only picture, and put our books on corner shelves of stained pine, we felt that our room looked cheery and comfortable. And it was home; that meant so much to us.

So, through the winter we lived, ate what we pleased, grew healthier and happier for the change, and rather liked the little work the getting of our meals made. We lived simply, but well; and we found, when the winter was over, that, despite the expense of our outfit, we had saved money. We had paid for board six dollars, which extras increased to seven in winter. Our board now, including everything, was but three dollars and a half. So in the spring we decided that we might

enlarge our borders, and Margaret went house-hunting. A hard time she had of it, I am afraid, but she came to me at last in triumph, that faded a little when I asked for particulars.

"It's a mile from the school-house, that's the worst point. It's an old house, and the room needs repair. Our landlord will furnish paper if we will put it on. The room is large and has capabilities."

The last word decided me. I knew it meant that she had plans. It is to tell you of this home that I write. There may be others placed like us who would be glad to follow in our steps.

The room was eight by twelve, with a bed-recess and a little closet that served us as clothes-press, store-room, and pantry. The house was of brick, and our one window was large and deep, facing the south. We chose paper of a soft, delicate buff, that produced on the wall just the bright, sunshiny effect we wished; crimson border and a strip of the same round the board on the top of the window that held our plain muslin curtains. The same carpenter who made us this, made also a rough box which served as a wood and rubbish box and a screen for the bed. The latter was a somewhat elaborate affair, the length and height of the bed, and wide enough to allow on the inner side a row of shelves, where our numberless boxes might rest. The outer side we papered like our room, and placed before the bed, so our one room became two. Matting, crimson and white, on the floor, with a strip of bright carpet before the fire, and a crimson cover on our plain table, and our room began to look cheery and comfortable.

Then the upholstering fever seized us. Our wood-box three-fourths of a yard of brocatelle glorified into an ottoman, and as it had castors it seldom stood in its proper place by the stove. Our trunks, which fortunately were nearly the same size, we placed together, cushioned like the ottoman, and behold a lounge. I purchased next a rocking-chair, but Margaret, more economical, cushioned her common chair till it was nearly as easy as mine. More than one Saturday we spent before our room was finally arranged, but the work was pleasant and the result satisfying.

The house had no blinds—a serious trouble we thought at first; but Margaret soon found a remedy. Outside, just below the window ledge, we fastened a narrow box, just the length of the window, made with lath and twine a trellice, and planted in it morning-glories. In a month they had climbed half over the window—in two they were inside, dropping their many-colored bells everywhere in the morning sunlight, and making abundant shade. With greenhouse plants neither of us had ever had much success. Our ivies refused to wander round our room, drape pictures and brackets, or do any of the pretty things it was advertised to do. Pine cones sprinkled with grass seed and put in moss baskets did not become things of beauty, and neither acorns or potatoes would sprout when suspended over water. We did succeed in making a lovely hanging

basket from a carrot, but that was all. One thing, however, we could and did do: we fastened in our wide window a shallow box and planted therein common flowers—mignonette, portulacca, phlox, verbena, geranium, and heliotrope. Over it hung three baskets—in the centre, vivid nasturtium, on each side wild morning glory. "Nothing but a weed," you say; but there are few vines prettier than this, few that will grow more readily everywhere. How it grew in our baskets, doing gradually all the pretty things our ivies had declined, twining round pictures, sending long tendrils of delicate green, starred with white bells, up on our curtains, forming, finally, a cornice round the room. All through the winter it thrived, while our other plants died in our close, warm air.

Then for pictures. It had always been one of our troubles that we could afford so few pictures; but encouraged by our success with cheap and common flowers, we tried the experiment of cheap pictures. First we subscribed for the "Home," and hung the "Angel of Peace" opposite our bed, to breathe benediction with every glance. From another magazine we took two or three pretty steel plates, and these we framed ourselves in *passep-partout*, at an expense of fifteen cents per picture. From another, an illustrated almanac, we took colored lithographs of spring and autumn, framed them in pretty rustic frames, and they brightened our walls quite to our satisfaction till we had saved enough to purchase a few chromos.

That was not long, for we saved money slowly but surely on our board, and we had a home, felt ourselves for the first time in years thoroughly at home, and found that the pleasure of the sensation did not wear off with its novelty. For our little room we planned and saved. To it we came after our day's work was over, knowing that rest was waiting for us and a quiet supper, far more to our taste than the noise and bustle of a great boarding-house table.

And when winter shut us in, and of evenings our bright little fire glittered in our tiny stove, and our pearl-shaded lamp threw soft light on our bright walls, our little pictures, and brackets, and hanging book-shelves; on the warm furniture, and our glowing window, there were, I think, few rooms prettier or more homelike, and our housekeeping was a success.

THE HAIR.—There is quite a panic among ladies in regard to their hair—a majority are losing the little they possess so rapidly that, at the same rate, it will take only a very short time to reduce them to the condition of the bald-headed prophet, whom the wicked children mocked. Many are flying to the hair-dressers, eagerly demanding something in the way of a preservative or restorative, and hair nostrums of all kinds flourish.

Really, however, the only remedy is to cut off the hair and wear it short—washing, drying, and brushing thoroughly every day. If that treatment does not restore the hair, nothing else will.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

ARRANGEMENTS must now be made in earnest for winter decoration. Hanging-baskets are the most graceful ornaments that can be used in making a window flower garden. They can be suspended from the chandelier, either one depending singly from the middle, or one from each separate burner. They may be hung in the windows and in corners. Brackets on the walls may support pots containing the same kind of pendant foliage, and ivy may be trained over mantels and around windows and picture frames.

A common sweet potato placed in a hyacinth glass, and treated the same as a hyacinth bulb, will send out long, delicate roots until the glass is filled, while at the same time a beautiful and graceful vine will shoot from the top, and may be trained in a variety of ways.

The flower stand containing the roses, verbenas, geraniums, and all the other plants suited for winter blooming, must be drawn near the window where they can obtain both light and air. They must be watered once or twice a week and the leaves carefully sponged when dusty.

Now is the time to get out the pressed ferns and dried grasses gathered in July, and arrange them into bouquets. A person with taste and skill can make a perfect bower of these dried ferns, either over the mantel at one end of the room or in a corner. They can be fastened on strips of paper and tacked to the wall, the tops of each successive row of ferns hiding the paper and the fastening of these immediately above.

Now is the time to obtain those magnificent bouquets of autumn leaves which rival flowers in the brilliancy of their coloring. If these bouquets are renewed once a week during the season, they will always be fresh and brilliant. These bouquets are seen to the best advantage if placed on a stand before a window, or in some manner where the light will shine through their leaves and bring out the colors in all their brilliancy. A dull russet thus seen becomes a red, and a brown an orange.

It is well to press some of the finest specimens of these autumn leaves, and by means of wires, to take the place of stems, prepare them for permanent winter bouquets. We believe varnishing is resorted to to cause them to retain their brilliant colors, but we cannot speak from experience. The common American vine, which grows so plentifully in the Eastern States, is a beautiful subject for parlor decoration. Its leaves present the most brilliant tints, and its clusters of purple-black berries are very graceful. Bunches of black alder, with its scarlet berries, are effective mingled with this. These vines may be retained with little loss of beauty until Christmas.

Sprays of crimson and green leaved blackberry bushes, fastened to hoops, the ends in vases of water, will retain their beauty for several days, and are very pretty for arches.

Oak leaves will retain their color and form longer

than anything else, and their red, green, and bronze foliage can be arranged in a variety of ornamental forms over the tops of cabinets, book-cases, and picture frames.

FERN BASKET.

WE find the following description of a basket for floral decoration in "The American Woman's Home," an excellent manual of domestic science, written by Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe—

"Take a flat piece of board, sawed out something like a shield, with a hole at the top for hanging it up. Upon the board nail a wire pocket made of an ex-muzzle flattened on one side; or make something of the kind with stiff wire. Line this with a sheet of close moss, which appears green behind the wire net-work. Then fill it with loose, spongy moss, such as you find in swamps, and plant therein great plumes of fern and various swamp grasses; they will continue to grow there and hang gracefully over. When watering, set a pail under for it to drip into. It needs only to keep this moss always damp, and to sprinkle these ferns occasionally with a whisk broom, to have a most lovely ornament for your room or hall."

NOVEMBER.

THE older we grow, and the more in love with nature we become, the better we appreciate Bryant, America's own best poet. How often have we stood at the window of a November day, and repeated, not merely as an act of memory, but as words which the scene seemed to call forth, and which, if Bryant had not written them, we certainly should—

"All in the hollows of the grove
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread."

Bryant begins—

"The dull November days have come,
The saddest of the year."

Yet November has beauties all its own. There is the hazy mildness of Indian summer, and then still linger fragments of the gorgeous robe which the woods put on in honor of October. Then there are effects of light and shade—of cloud and sun—which one may look in vain for at any other period of the year.

One evening we sat at our chamber window at the close of a dull November day. The sky was leaden, and the ground wet and oozy from the rain that had fallen at intervals since morning. Even the lingering glory of the autumn woods was half-effaced in the universal wretchedness.

We sat looking out through the russet oak leaves, which were brown and sombre enough in the general gloom, when suddenly the tree burst into flame. Every leaf was crimson, scarlet, or gold. Not this tree alone, but every object upon which light

could strike. The very air shimmered with warm color, and the clouds reflected it back like a thin crimson glazing over their leaden hue. The effect was like that of the red lights introduced into a spectacular play, only here the stage was of magnificent proportions. In the West, unveiled at the last moment, and just ready to dip below the horizon, was the sun, without light or brilliancy, only a ball of blood.

FALLEN LEAVES.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

I love to steal my way
Through the bright woods, when autumn's work is
done,
And through the tree-tops all the dream-like day
Breathe the soft golden sun;

When all is hush'd and still,
Only a few last leaves fluttering slow
Down the warm air with ne'er a breeze's will—
A ghost of sound below;

When naught of song is heard,
Save the jay ladghing while all nature grieves,
Or the lone chirp of some forgotten bird
Among the fallen leaves.

Around me everywhere
Lie leaves that trembled green the summer long,
Holding the rainbow's tears in sunny air,
And roof'd the summer's song.

Why shun my steps to tread
These silent hosts that everywhere are strewn,
As if my feet were walking 'mong the dead,
And I alive alone?

Hast no bright trees, O Past!
Through whose bare boughs, once green, the sun-
shine grieves?
No hopes that fluttered in the autumnal blast,
No memories—Fallen Leaves?

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER XI. DINNER PARTIES.

AS dinner parties are, perhaps, greater tests of the capabilities of a hostess than any other entertainment, we select this subject for our concluding remarks upon household duties and phases of married life.

The interval elapsing between the issuing of cards of invitation and the dinner party, together with various other relative matters, must be regulated by the custom of the particular period at which the party is given—for the mode of procedure varies with the course of time and what is according to etiquette, and what may be quite proper at present may be totally the contrary a few months hence. Particular attention should be paid to the selection of guests, as an ill-assorted company would render a party dull and uninteresting, not to be relieved by the elegance of the arrangements or affability of the host and hostess. A remark has somewhere been made that a dinner-party should never be less in number than the graces, nor more than the muses; but certainly more than ten or twelve in number is not desirable. Otherwise, the length of the table would prevent general conversation and the wit and agreeableness of the company be lost.

The preparations of the table require skill and nice judgment, and must be regulated, of course, by the circumstances of the givers of the entertainment. Substantial and well-prepared food should be intermingled with dishes of an ornamental and light character, usually termed side-dishes. The table should be plentifully supplied with the necessary plates, knives, forks, napkins, and various kinds of glasses, and upon the buffet should be placed a plentiful supply of extra utensils, so that any number of changes may take place during the course of the dinner without delay or awkwardness. The various dishes should be served *hot*, and in proper season. The appearance

of a dinner or supper table is greatly enhanced by the brightness of the plate and the neatness of the various articles in use.

The plainest set of white French china, whose fair surface is unsullied by any kind of soil, together with the purity of the damask tablecloths and napkins, is far more preferable than the most elegant and elaborate display of untidy porcelain and illy-cleaned though highly-chased silver.

Everything relating to the dinner should be attended to in proper season, so that the mistress of the house may be unembarrassed by tardy questions and neglected orders. By training servants to a proper observance of order in the daily preparations of the dinner table, much confusion and anxiety may be avoided on extraordinary occasions. We should always remember that it is ill-breeding for a lady to absent herself from her guests on any occasion in order to supply neglected wants, or give forgotten orders. After the arrival of guests, neither the host nor hostess should leave the drawing-room until ushered in to dinner.

When seated at the table, host and hostess should be alive to the wants of their guests, but not be so absorbed as to be unable to enter into the conversation, or add to the enjoyment by well-timed remarks.

In connection with dinner-parties arises a subject which ought not to be lightly passed by—we mean the introduction of liquor and wines on such occasions, and the use of them in other entertainments. We have been shocked at some parties pretending to elegance, to see arrangements made in halls and ante-rooms, to smooth the path of heedless youth toward madness, and lead them gradually but surely into the evils which spring from inebriation. If women would but use aright the powers which God has endowed them with, and, by a beautiful example and gentle acts, restrain the constant tendency to vice, now so prevalent, how many sons, husbands, and brothers would ultimately rise up and call them "blessed."

Alas! too often women become tempters instead of guardian angels. Have you never read of men, young and promising men, too, who, feeling a craving for the sparkling poison, have determined to avoid it, but—by the bantering jest or winning smile of some fair one, have been tempted to taste it but *once again*—and that *one sip* being taken, they have plunged headlong into ruin? The annals of life would, doubtless, disclose many true histories of a like nature.

Let a woman, then, be true to herself and to those linked to her by the nearest ties, and *resist this growing evil steadily, firmly, and gently.*

JELLIES AND PRESERVES.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Quarter twelve oranges, throw the skins into salt-water and let them remain there from twelve to fourteen hours. Wash them well afterward in cold water; then boil them until they become soft and tender; after this cut them into strips. Seed and skin the pulp, that is, the inside white skin. Add to each pound of fruit a pound of loaf sugar. Put the marmalade on the fire and boil it for 25 minutes.

CURRENT JELLY.—1. To each pint of currant-juice add one pound of loaf sugar and melt the sugar in the juice. After placing it over the fire do not stir it. Cook the currants slightly before straining them.

TO MAKE JELLY WITHOUT BOILING.—To one package of Cox's sparkling gelatine put a pint of cold water, the juice and rinds (pared very fine) of three lemons; let it stand one hour, then add three pints of boiling water and one pound of crushed sugar. When the sugar is dissolved strain the mixture and set it away to cool.

PRESERVED CITRON.—Cover a pound of citron with water, adding to it a piece of alum the size of a shell-bark, and boil it until it becomes green. Then pour off the water, put fresh water to it, and boil it for about five minutes. Again pour off the water, put fresh water into your kettle, and a pound of sugar, and when it begins to boil, skim it, and add the citron, ginger, what you think will be the proper quantity for seasoning, and two lemons, cut into slices, and boil until the citron is tender.

CURRENT JAM.—Mash slightly one pound of currants, add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to them, and boil for half an hour, stirring frequently.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.—Weigh your strawberries, and to each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf sugar. Strew half the sugar over the berries and let them stand in a cool place for two or three hours; then

pour them into a preserving-kettle, place them over a slow fire, and by degrees add the remainder of the sugar. Boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, and skim them well.

GRAPE JELLY.—Stew your grapes in a small portion of water and keep them closely covered. Then strain them and to one pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Boil it until it is thick.

CURRENT JELLY.—To one pint of currant-juice add one pound of sugar. Boil and skim it till it jellies, and just before taking it off the fire add the white of an egg beaten up with a little water. Strain through a jelly-bag.

FOX-GRAPE JELLY.—Split the grapes and take out the seeds. Weigh them and use the same quantity of sugar dissolved in some water. Boil the sugar and water well and skim it, after which add the grapes and boil until they become green, then, if the syrup jellies, the grapes are cooked enough.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Procure your blackberries before they are quite ripe—when turned red. Pick them, put them into a pot of water and let them stand on the fire until reduced to a pulp. Strain them, and to a pint of juice put one pound of powdered sugar. Boil till it jellies.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Mash and boil three pounds of raspberries for ten minutes, and add to them one pint of red currant juice. After they have been coddled in the same manner as for jelly, add three-fourths of a pound of double-refined sugar to each pound of raspberry and currant juice. Boil it half an hour longer, till you think it will jelly, and then put it into jars.

CALF'S-FOOT JELLY.—Boil a set of calf's feet in a gallon of water until reduced one-half. Then pour the liquor into a bowl and let it remain until it is cooled. Then skim off all the fat, put the liquor into a bell-metal kettle and let it stand over the fire till it is dissolved. Sweeten it to your taste. Add the juice of three lemons and a little mace, and some cinnamon with a few cloves. Beat the whites of three eggs together with the shells. These must all be put into a kettle together. Give them a boil up, take the kettle off the fire, run the mixture through a flannel bag two or three times till it becomes clear, and then pour it into glasses. Pigs' feet may be used instead of calves' feet, and are just as nice.

PEACH MARMALADE.—To five pounds of peaches take three pounds of sugar and a pint of water. Clarify your sugar with the white of an egg. Strain it and then put in the peaches. Stir it occasionally.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Already, since the death of Dickens, quite a number of volumes, of more or less merit, containing outline sketches of the life of the great novelist, have made their appearance. Of these necessarily somewhat hastily prepared biographies, the fullest, completest, and most satisfactory that we have yet seen, is "*The Life of Charles Dickens*," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia. The author, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, the industrious literary editor of the "*Philadelphia Press*," is well known as a genial critic, and as a careful and cultivated writer. "I have

attempted," says Dr. Mackenzie, "to give a sketch of his (Dickens's) literary and personal history—stating plain facts, introducing some of his correspondence never before printed, adding such anecdotes and traits of character as illustrate his double position of Man of Letters and Man of the People, and stating such particulars as have reached me concerning the originals from whom he is known, or supposed, to have drawn many of the characters in his tales."

"*What to Wear and How to Make it*," is the title of a small book of instructions on dress and dressmaking.

in which dressmakers and ladies generally will find much useful information. It is issued semi-annually by Madame Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York, who will send it to any address, free of postage, on the receipt of 15 cents.

Considered simply as a work of fiction, depending for success on the highly wrought interest of its plot and incidents, Wilkie Collins's latest novel—*Man and Wife*—deserves to rank among the very best of its author's productions. But it is really something better than one of the most powerfully written of sensational novels. It is, in fact, a story with a moral, or, at least, with a higher end in view than the mere amusement of the reader. It is an earnest protest against the prevailing tendency to an undue development of man's physical nature at the expense of his intellectual. It also throws a great deal of light on the absurd, and at the same time almost iniquitous, character and workings of the various laws regulating marriage in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and forcibly illustrates what injustice may be inflicted upon married women, where their persons and property are concerned, under cover of the sanction of the common law. In directing public attention to these evils, Mr. Collins has done a good work, and at once places himself in the ranks of that class of modern reformers of whom Dickens and Reade are the most brilliant examples.

W. W. Whitney, of the "Palace of Music," 173 Summit street, Toledo, Ohio, has favored us with a collection of very pleasant sheet music, embraced in which we find the following pretty songs, to the title of each one of which we annex the price for which it will be sent to any address, post paid:—"Loved Allie Bell," 40 cents; "Beautiful Visions of Childhood," 40 cents; "Minnie Moyné, 30 cents; "I hear a Wee Bird," 30 cents; "Flower Girl," 30 cents; "Mirabel Ray," 30 cents; "Little White Cot in the Lane," 40 cents; "Mother Will Pray for You," 40 cents; "Bloom Upon the Cherry Tree," 30 cents, and "Are You Coming, Love, To-night," 40 cents.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have sent us, through Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia, a handsome volume called *The Princes of Art: Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers*. It is translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino, and gives a brief yet comprehensive history of art and of the most famous of the "old masters." We have also received from the same source, "*The Hard Scrabble of Elm Island*," by Elijah Kellogg. This is the sixth and last of the series of the "Elm Island Stories." "*Bear and Forbear; or, The Young Skipper of Lake Ucauga*," by Oliver Optic, is another volume from the same publishers, and is the sixth and last of the "Lake Shore Series."

Charles Scribner & Co., of New York, have issued another volume of their "Illustrated Library of Wonders." Its title is *Lighthouses and Light-ships: A Descriptive and Historical Account of their Mode of Construction and Organization*. By W. H. Davenport Adams, author of "Buried Cities of Campania," etc. It is a book of useful and interesting reading. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

We have received from Turner & Bros. a copy of Dickens's last work, "*The Mystery of Edwin Drood*." The volume is from the press of Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. Every admirer of Dickens will be desirous to read this story, even though it is in an unfinished state.

Tourists' Descriptive Guide to all the stations on the Boston and Maine Railroad to the White and Franconia Mountains, Lake Winnipiseogee, and the celebrated summer resorts in New England reached by this railroad and its connections, for the year 1870.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Hardy Bulbs, and Floral Guide. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Autumn Catalogue of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Lilies, and other Bulbs for Fall Planting. C. L. Allen & Co., No. 74 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our readers may not all sympathize with us, but really we have spent many delightful hours in reading and examining florists' catalogues. The two catalogues above named we have found will both "repay perusal." And if the reader is not persuaded, before he finishes them, to send for seeds or bulbs, then he is proof against all temptations of this kind.

Mr. Vick's catalogue is finely illustrated, and we know his bulbs are reliable. The *Lilium Auratum*, the hyacinths, and tulips which we received from him last fall were perfect without exception, and made a magnificent bloom. Mr. Vick is a thorough-going business man, and he knows it is for his own interest to send his customers the best quality of seeds and bulbs.

Messrs. Allen & Co. offer exceedingly desirable collections of bulbs at prices ranging from \$2 to \$20; the \$2 collection containing 23 different bulbs, and the \$20 collection over 300 bulbs, including all the finest varieties. We cannot speak personally of the dealings of these gentlemen, or of the quality of their stock, but presume they will give satisfaction to their customers.

Both of these catalogues are sent free to all applicants.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

The Home Magazine FOR 1871.

We would again call attention to the prospectus of THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE for the year 1871, which will be found in this number.

It is our intention to make the "HOME," which is now admitted to be the best reading

magazine of its class, the superior of all its competitors in every respect. At the same time our old low rates of subscription will be adhered to, thus making THE HOME MAGAZINE not only the most refined and attractive, but also the cheapest periodical for ladies published in this or any other country.

Our new premium picture—"THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLS"—is now almost ready for

the printer. As a work of art, this exquisite picture is beyond criticism, while the tender interest which attaches to its subject is such as will win for it a place in every feeling heart. It represents two beautiful children, one of them carrying a wreath of immortelles, or everlasting flowers, on their way to the village church-yard, to lay their tribute of loving remembrance upon the grave of their mother. Neither of our previous engravings cost us as much as this, and it will, we think, attain a popularity far greater even than that of either *THE ANGEL OF PEACE*, or *BED-TIME*.

To every person getting up a club for 1871, we will forward a copy of this beautiful picture, and every subscriber for 1871 will be entitled to order a copy for one dollar. Recollect: *one dollar* for an engraving that cannot be bought at any print-seller's for less than five times that amount.

And now, let us again suggest to the old friends of the "HOME," that it is none too soon to begin the work of getting up clubs for the coming year. We give, in this number, our full premium list, so that all may know what they may obtain by a little exertion in canvassing among their neighbors. Begin at once, then, you who wish to procure valuable premiums, and you may rely upon success. We anticipate a large addition to our list this year, and intend to make our magazine deserving of it.

OUR PREMIUM PICTURE FOR 1871.

Our new Premium Picture, "*THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES*," will, we think, prove quite as agreeable a surprise to our friends as did either of its pleasing and popular predecessors. It is now nearly ready to leave the hands of the engraver, who has conscientiously endeavored to put his best work upon it. It is from the burin of the same artist who executed our two previous premium engravings, and as a work of art is quite equal, if not superior, to them—representing two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to place it upon the grave of their mother. The picture is full of sweet and tender interest, and will win its way to every heart. The original is one of the

most charming pictures of the season, and has delighted all who have seen it.

OUR SERIES OF PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.

A rare opportunity is presented, in our series of premium engravings, to those who desire good pictures, to obtain them at less than one-fourth the price at which the foreign copies are sold.

For 1871, all who make up clubs will have the choice of four premium plates, viz:

THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES,
THE ANGEL OF PEACE,
BED-TIME,

RICE'S LARGE AND FINE STEEL PORTRAIT OF T. S. ARTHUR.

These pictures have all been engraved expressly for us, at a large cost, and as works of art cannot be excelled. Any one of them, as may be desired, will be sent to the getter-up of each club, and every subscriber to "*THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE*" will be entitled to order one or more of them at a dollar each; or the four pictures for three dollars.

OUR PREMIUM LIST FOR 1871.



Our readers will see that we offer extra inducements this year to subscribers, not only in the way of new attractions in our magazines, but by a large and varied list of premiums, including, besides those heretofore offered, several new and valuable ones. The most prominent of these are two beautiful bronze mantel clocks, manufactured by the American Clock Company. We give an illustration of the one day mantel clock.

Our readers will see in our premium lists the terms upon which these may be obtained.

JENNY DENNISON.

WE give this month an engraving, copied from the "Waverly Gallery," of Jenny Dennison, the pretty coquettish *fille-de-chambre* in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Old Mortality." We copy, to refresh our readers' memories, the portion of the chapter which the engraving illustrates:

While Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended sergeant of dragoons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her granddaughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were sprung of the blood royal, did not honor Sergeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall, powerful person, and a set of hardy, weather-beaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gaiety of desperation. The other soldiers offered still less to detach her consideration; but from the prisoner, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jenny Dennison, who was the immediate attendant on her person—"I wish we knew who that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking sae myself, Miss Edith," said the waiting woman, "but it canna be Cuddie Headrigg, because he's taller and no sae stout."

"Yet," continued Miss Bellendery, "it may be some poor neighbor, for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

"I can sune learn wha he is," said the enterprising Jenny; "if the sodgers were aens settled and at leisure, for I ken aye o' them very weel—the best-looking and the youngest o' them."

"I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered her mistress.

"Na, Miss Edith, I am no sae free o' my acquaintance as that," answered the *fille-de-chambre*. "To be sure, folk canna help kenning the folk by handmark that they see aye glowering and looking at them at kirk and market; but I ken few lads to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three Stinsons, Tam Rand, and the young Miller, and the five Howisons in Nothershells, and lang Tam Gilry, and—"

"Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier," said Miss Bellenden.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halliday, Trooper Tam as they ca' him, that was wounded by the hill-folk at the conventicle at Outerside Muir, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him anything, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I'll be caution for him."

"Try, then," said Miss Edith, "if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says."

Jenny Dennison proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

"What is the matter?" said Edith anxiously; "does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?"

"Cuddie, Miss Edith? Na! na! it's nae Cuddie," blubbered out the faithful *fille-de-chambre*, sensible of the pain which her news was about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear! Miss Edith, it's young Milnwood himself!"

"Young Milnwood!" exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn; "it is impossible—totally impossible! His uncle attends the clergyman indulged by law, and has no connection whatever with the refractory people; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy discussion; he must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some invaded right."

"Oh! my dear Miss Edith," said her attendant, "these are not days to ask what's right or what's wrong; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty, if they liked; but Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been resetting ane o' the Fife gentlemen that killed that auld Carle of an Archbishop."

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and tremulous accent—"they cannot—they shall not—I will speak for him—they shall not hurt him!"

"Oh! my dear young leddy, think on your grand-

mother; think on the danger and the difficulty," added Jenny; "for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes up in the morning, and if he doesna gie him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday says there will be brief work wi' him. Kneel down—mak' ready—present—fire—just as they did wi' auld deaf John Macbriar, that never understood a single question they put till him, and sae lost his life for lack o' hearing."

"Jenny," said the young lady, "if he should die, I will die with him; there is no time to talk of danger or difficulty. I will put on a plaid and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him. I will throw myself at the feet of the sentinel, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved."

"Eh! guide us," interrupted the maid, "our young leddy at the feet o' Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the puir chiel hardly kens whether he has ane or no, unless that he whiles swears by it—that will never do; but what maun be maun he, and I'll never desert a true love cause. And sae, if ye mun see young Milnwood, though I ken no gude it will do, but to make baith your hearts the sairer, I'll e'en tak the risk o' it, and try to manage Tam Halliday; but ye maun let me hae my ain gate and no speak ae word—he's keeping guard o'er Milnwood in the easter round of the tower."

"Go, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith. "Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger. Haste ye, Jenny, as ever ye hope to have good at my hands."

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which Edith muffled herself so as in part to disguise her person. Her face and figure thus concealed Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study or closet, in one of the towers, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was pacing to and fro; for Sergeant Bothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and genteel demeanor, had waived the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. Halliday, therefore, with his carbine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air:

"Between Saint Johnstone and Bonny Dundee,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way.

"I can manage the trooper weel enough," she said, "but ye maunna say a single word."

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung in a coquettish tone of rustic rillery:

"If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,
My friends would be angry, my Minnie be mad;
A laird, or a lord, they were fitted for me,
Sae I'll never be fain to follow thee."

"A fair challenge, by Jove!" cried the sentinel turning round. "and from two at once; but it's not easy to bang the soldier with his bandoliers;" then taking up the song where the damsel had stopped:

"To follow me ye weel may be glad,
A share of my supper, a share of my bed,
To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."

"Come, my pretty lass, and kiss me for my song."
"I should not have thought of that, Mr. Halliday," answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal, "and I se assure ye, ye'll hae but little o' my company unless ye show genteel havings. It wasna to hear that sort o' nonsense that brought me here wi' my friend, and ye should think shame o' yourself, 'at should ye."

"Umph! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here, then, Mrs. Dennison?"

"My kinswoman has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr. Harry Morton, and I aye come wi' her to speak till him."

"The devil you are!" answered the sentinel; "and

pray, Mrs. Dennison, how do your kinswoman and you propose to get in? You are rather too plump to whisk through a key-hole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoken of."

"It's no a thing to be spoken o', but a thing to be done," replied the persevering damsel.

"We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny," and the soldier resumed his march, humming, as he walked to and fro along the gallery:

"Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet,
Then ye'll see your bonny sell,
My Joe Janet."

"So ye're no thinking to let us in, Mr. Halliday? Weel, weel; gude e'en to you—ye hae seen the last o' me, and o' this bonnie die too," said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a splendid silver dollar.

"Give him gold, give him gold," whispered the agitated young lady.

"Silver's e'en ower gude for the like o' him," replied Jenny, "that disna care for the blink o' a bonny lassie's ee—and what's waur, he wad think there was something mair in't than a kinswoman o' mine. My certy! siller's no sae plenty wi' us, let alane gowd." Having addressed this advice to her mistress, she raised her voice, and said—"My cousin winna stay any langer, Mr. Halliday; sae, if ye please, gude e'en t'ye."

"Halt, a bit, halt, a bit," said the trooper; "rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you may stay here and keep me company till she comes out again, and then we'll all be well pleased you know."

"The friend be in my feet then," said Jenny; "d'ye think my kinswoman and me are gaun to lose our gude name wi' cracking clavers wi' the likes o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody by to see fair play? Heigh, heigh, ails, to see sic a difference between folk's promises and performances! ye were aye willing to slight puir Cuddie; but an I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna hae stude twice about it."

"Hang Cuddie!" retorted the dragoon, "he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Milnwood with his old Puritanical mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him cast in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail—we had law enough to bear us out."

"Very weel, very weel. See if Cuddie winna hae a lang shot at you ane o' thae days, if ye gae him to tak the muir wi' sae many honest folk. He can hit a mark browly; he was third at the popinjay; and he's as true of his promise as of ee and hand, though he disna mak sic a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours. But it's a' ane to me. Come, cousie, we'll awa'."

"Stay, Jenny; — me, if I hang fire more than another when I have said a thing," said the soldier, in a hesitating tone. "Where is the sergeant?"

"Drinking and driving ower," quoth Jenny, "wi the steward and John Gudyill."

"So, so—he's safe enough—and where are my comrades?" asked Halliday.

"Birling the brown bowl wi' the fowler and the falconer, and some o' the serving folk."

"Have they plenty of ale?"

"Sax gallons, as gude as a'er was masked," said the maid.

"Well, then, my putty Jenny," said the relenting sentinel. "they are fast till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so, if you will promise to come alone the next time."

"Maybe I will, and maybe I winna," said Jenny; "but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as weel."

"And if I were trusting to you, you little jilting devil, I should lose both pains and powder; whereas this fellow," looking at the piece, "will be good as far as he goes. So, come, there is the door open for you; do not stay groaning and praying with the young whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to start, as if they were sounding 'Horse and away.'"

So speaking Halliday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, locked it behind them, and hastily reassumed the indifferent measured step and time-killing whistle of a sentinel upon his regular duty.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have used one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines (No. 2,762) nearly fourteen years, making cloaks for the last eleven years, and doing all other kinds of sewing down to book-muslin. It is now in perfect order, has never had any repairs, and I have not broken a needle since I can remember. I appreciate my machine more and more every day, and would not exchange it for any machine that I know.

M. BUDLONG.

Utica, N. Y.

MISS TOWNSEND'S LECTURE.

It gratifies us to read in an exchange that "Miss Virginia F. Townsend has, by request, delivered her lecture on 'Catharine de Medicis and her Times' in several towns in New Hampshire during the last month; and, unlike most historical lectures, hers has met with the most complete success."

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Few have yet realized the enormous gain that will accrue to society from the scientific education of our women. If, as we are constantly being told, the "sphere of woman" is at home, what duty can be more clearly incumbent upon us than that of giving her the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the laws which ought to guide her in the rule of her house? Every woman on whom the management of a household devolves may profit by such knowledge. If the laws of health were better known, how much illness and sorrow might be averted! What insight would a knowledge of chemistry afford into the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of different articles of food! What added zest would be given to a country walk with the children, or a month by the sea-side, if the mother were able to teach the little ones intelligently to observe and revere the laws of Nature! Above all, what untold sufferings, what wasted lives, are the penalty we have paid for the prudish ignorance of the physiology of their bodily frame in which we have kept our daughters!

REPROVE mildly and sweetly, in the calmest manner, in the gentlest terms; not in a haughty or imperious way; not hastily or fiercely, nor with sour looks, or a bitter language; for these ways do beget all the evil, and hinder the best effects of reproof. They do certainly inflame and disturb the person reproved.

CLUBBING.

We offer the following clubbing lists, including 'ARTHUR'S LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE,' 'GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,' 'THE CHILDREN'S HOUR,' 'THE WORKINGMAN,' and 'THE BRIGHT SIDE,' a weekly paper for children that we can fully endorse. By taking two or more of these publications, they can be obtained at a large discount from the regular subscription prices.

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SHAWL COSTUMES.

We illustrate, this month, two styles of the shawl costumes, as they are at present. They are generally arranged by cutting an all-wool long shawl, of dress made of plaid ladies' cloth, trimmed with bullion fringe to match. They skirt, is to complete the costume.

No. 1 is arranged with a plain gray shawl—the overskirt, open up the by water-skirt of brown *satén de Chine*. The basque is nearly tight-fitting, and is confat, plain, No. 2 is made in Sutherland plaid ladies' cloth, trimmed with bullion fr business black silk skirt. The overskirt is closed all round, and is looped at the side, extends across the apron. Tight-fitting basque, with flowing sleeves, and s

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ANTONIA COAT.

This is a very pretty as well as comfortable coat. Made of heavy, beaver with satin tight back, about four inches longer behind than in front; rounded up at the hem with a hem roses of corded silk on sides and back. Trimmed with corded silk or br orange

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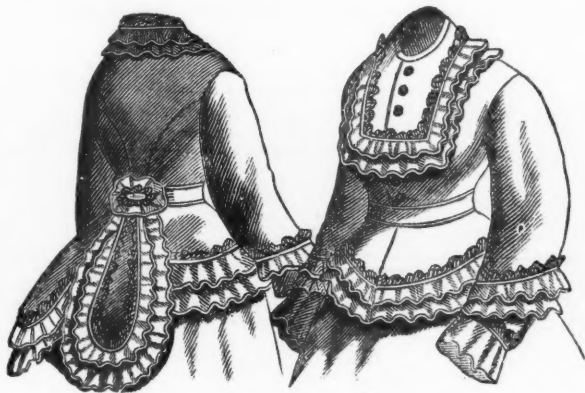


WATERPROOF SUITS.

Waterproof cloth will be much used in suits this season, especially for those intended for business.

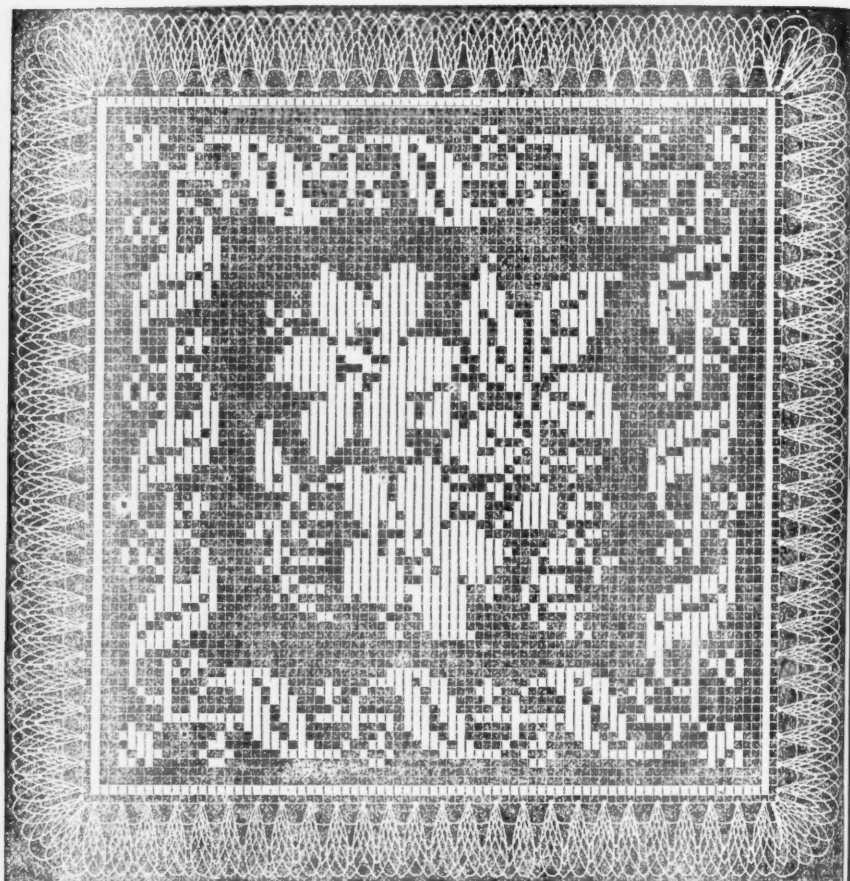
No. 1 is a suit of English waterproof, mixed green and black, arranged with a skirt, short basque with coat-sleeves, and a Metternich cape, trimmed with wide black Hercules braid.

No. 2.—A suit of gray waterproof Tweed, trimmed with bias bands of black silk, stitched on by machine, and large flat silk buttons. The suit consists of a skirt, a little shorter than those used for ordinary walking costumes, a loose sack which forms an overskirt and is slightly looped at the sides, and a cape, belted in the Metternich style in the back, the same belt confining the sack. This cape can be reserved for very inclement weather, if desired, as the costume is stylish and complete without it.



ALBERTA BASQUE.

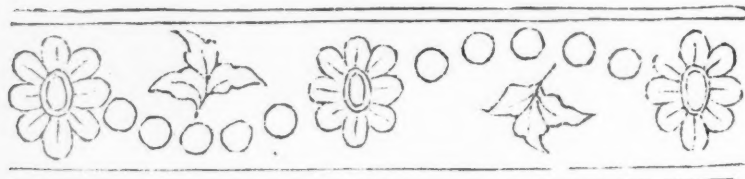
This jaunty basque may be used with equal propriety for either house or street wear. The one from which our illustration is taken is intended to complete a costume in purple French poplin, garnished with ruchings of the material, edged with velvet of the same color, and headed with a band of velvet surmounted by narrow quipure lace. The lozenge-shaped sashes in the back add very much to the general stylish appearance.



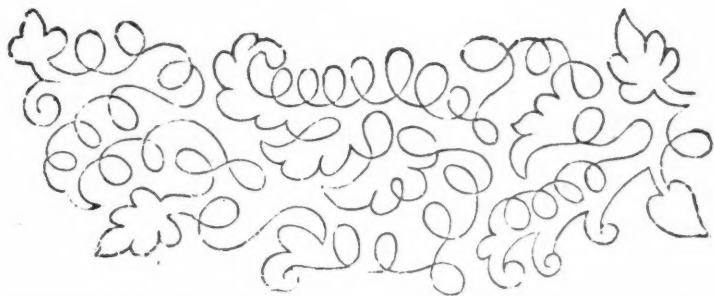
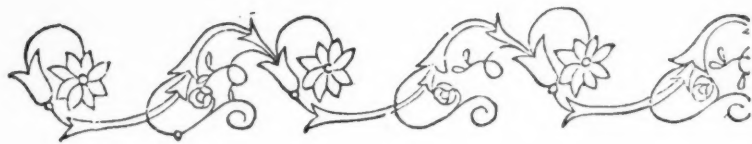
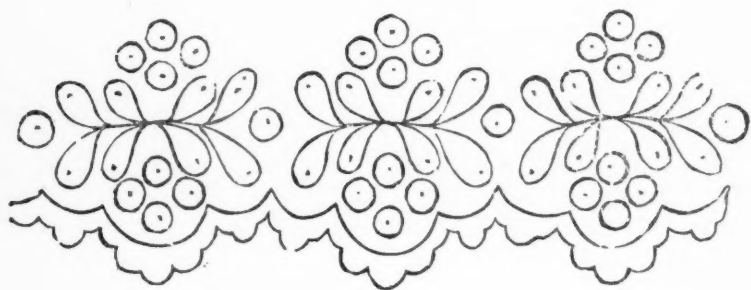
TIDY IN NETTING AND DARNING.

The materials required for this tidy are Evans & Co.'s crochet cotton No. 10 for netting the centre, No. 6 for the long loops introduced into the border, and No. 10 again for the last four rows. The darning is done with the same maker's knitting cotton.

Sometimes a tidy is stretched on a cushion with a colored lining underneath. This produces an excellent effect, and shows the pattern to very great advantage. After the square of netting is completed, the worker should keep the darning all the same way, not crossing the thread, and be careful to use the proper cottons.



PATTERN FOR INSERTION.



PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

"BUTTERFLY MAZURKA."

BY HELLER.

BRILLIANTE. *mf*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system is marked "BRILLIANTE." and "mf". The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The score ends with a "Fine." marking and a repeat sign.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. This is followed by a descending eighth-note scale: G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The second system also consists of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and a quarter note B3. This is followed by a descending eighth-note scale: G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2. The piece concludes with a final quarter note G2. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano).

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The second system consists of two staves: the top staff continues the melody in treble clef, and the bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment in bass clef. The bottom staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The key signature remains one sharp throughout, and the time signature is 2/4.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The second system consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff continues the melody from the first system, starting with a quarter note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a quarter note G5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, starting with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, and a quarter note C4. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff, consisting of G3, A3, B3, and C4.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system contains the first two measures of the melody and the first measure of the accompaniment. The second system contains the next two measures of the melody and the next two measures of the accompaniment. The melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The accompaniment is written in bass clef. The melody features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, while the accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



BLACK SILK WALKING DRESS,

Made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with narrow velvet, the upper one with fringe and white lace. Basque waist trimmed to correspond. Black felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and white feathers.